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OF OLD.

I made a grave deep down in my heart
For a love that was dumb and dead:
"There, darkly buried and far apart,
It will rest in peace," I said;
I hid it away without sorrow or smart
And never a tear I shed.

And now that I would in my heart enfold
Another love fair as the May,
There has risen a ghost of the love of old,
A spectre weird and gray:
And my dear young love, with her hair's scott gold,
She sorrows and turns away.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

DORIS sped homewards, but, fast as she walked, her thoughts seemed to outrun her. Had she fallen asleep by the brook and dreamed it all? She could almost have persuaded herself that she had, but for the handkerchief hidden in the bosom of her dress.

"Cecil Neville!" She repeated the name twenty times, and each time it sounded more pleasant and musical. There was no need to call up the remembrance of his face, for that floated before her mental vision as she hurried on with downcast, dreamy eyes.

"Am I out of my senses?" she exclaimed at last, trying to rid herself of the spell by a light laugh. "Anyone would think I was playing the part of a sentimental young lady in a three act comedy. It *was* like a play; but it's generally the hero who saves the life of the principal lady. I didn't save his life, though he says I did. How he said it! Why can't one speak like that on the stage now? Cecil Neville!"

She took out the handkerchief and looked at it.

"And this is a coronet. What is he, I wonder? A duke, or an earl, or what? And what does it matter to me what he is?" she asked herself in the next breath. "I may never see him again, and if I did we should meet as strangers. Dukes or earls have nothing in common with actresses. I wish I could forget all about him. But I can't—I can't," she murmured almost piteously.

"Oh, I wish I had stayed at home, and yet I don't either," she added slowly. "If I had not been there, perhaps he would not have come to, and might be lying there now!" she shuddered.

"How brave and strong he looked riding at the hedger it was a mad thing to do! And yet he made light of it! Ah, it is nice to be a man—and such a man! Cecil Neville! I wish he had not told me his name; I cannot get it out of my head.

"And he lives with his uncle at the Towers. Perhaps Jeffrey knows who the uncle is. I must tell him," she sighed. Somehow she felt a strange reluctance to speak of the afternoon's adventure; but she had never had any secrets from Jeffrey, and she added with another sigh—"yes, I must tell him. He will be angry—no, he is never angry, but he will be—what? sorry. And yet I could not help it. It was not I who rode at the hedge, and—I wonder what he thought of me when he came to?" a burning blush rose to her face, and she stopped still to contemplate the new phase of the question.

"I—I had his head upon my lap! Oh, what could he have thought! That I was forward and impertinent, and yet, no, he did not look as if he did, and—and he thanked me and asked to forgive him. how many times! Cecil Neville. There—" and she laughed impatiently, "that is the last time I will think of his name—or him!"

With this prudent resolve she hurried on, and burst into the little room out of breath, to find Jeffrey seated at the table waiting for his supper.

He looked up with his keen glance, and nodded.

"I am so sorry I've kept you waiting, Jeffrey," she said humbly, as she threw her hat on the sofa, and went to the table.

"No matter," he said; "you have been walking up and down in the field studying, I know," and he nodded. "It is just the hour, the mystic gloaming, when the brain quickens, and ideas are born."

"Yes," she said, her long lashes covering her eyes. "I have been in the fields, and, Jeffrey, I've had an adventure!"

"Cows?" he said absently. "There is nothing like the open air for such work as you have in hand. Rachel, the greatest actress of her time, or any other, did most of her work in the open air——"

"It wasn't cows," she broke in, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice; "it was a horse," and she laughed a little nervously.

"My kingdom for a horse," he quoted, failing to see the unusual color in her face, and not observing that she was making a mere pretense of eating, just breaking a piece of toast with her fingers, and sipping her coffee. "And are you more satisfied now? I have only just come from the theatre; the booking is the heaviest we have had for years.

"I have persuaded the manager to increase the orchestra! Have you seen your dress? It has come, and I had it sent up to your room."

"I did not go up; I will try it on directly."

He pushed his chair back, and began walking up and down the room, his hands crossed behind his bent back, his head drooping, his glittering eyes fixed on the floor.

Doris knew it was hopeless to attempt to speak of anything but the play, but she made another effort, for conscience sake.

"Do you know who lives in that large place on the hill, Jeffrey, the—the Towers it is called?"

He shook his head with distinct indifference.

"No—some marquis or other. What does it matter?" he added impatiently.

"Well, I saw the nephew of the marquis—if he is a marquis—this afternoon. He fell off his horse——"

"Yes!" he said, with profound indifference. "I remember a manager who put horses on the first scene of Romeo and Juliet. It was effective—but unnecessary. By the way, take care how you arrange your train in the ball room scene: leave Romeo room to get near you without having to draw it on one side; it attracts attention from the action of the play at a most important moment. A detail; but it is the details that, massed together, make or mar the whole."

She made yet another effort.

"I was going to tell you about the accident, Jeffrey."

He started, and, stopping in his walk, confronted her with alarm in his face.

"What accident? I have only just left the theatre, it was all right then! Oh, you allude to the man who tumbled off his horse? Never mind; put it out of your head; don't think of anything but your part. Have you finished your supper?"

"Yes," she said, with a sigh and a smile; it was, indeed, utterly useless to make any further attempt.

"Well, then, let us go over the balcony scene," and he snatched up the book and turned to the page with nervous fingers.

Doris rose and opened her lips; then, with a sudden blush, that was quickly followed by a strange pallor, she went to him and gently took the book from his hand.

"Not to-night, not again, Jeffrey," she said, with a nervousness that was strange in her. "I—I could not! Don't be angry, but—" she looked from side to side with a strangely troubled air—"I—I don't think I could do it to-night! Don't ask me!"

He nodded once or twice, looking at her meditatively.

"I think I understand," he said, as if to himself. "You are afraid of getting hackneyed? Perhaps you are right. Yes, you *are* right," he added quietly; "there is such a thing as over-training. Yes, I know what you mean. Better let it rest for to-night, after the rehearsal this morning and the study this afternoon."

Doris turned her head away with a guilty sense of having deceived him.

"It is not that," she faltered, "but——" she stopped, and going to him suddenly, hid her face on his shoulder. "Oh, Jeffrey, if I should fail to-morrow!"

"There's no such word for us, Doris," he said, with grim confidence. "Don't speak of failing. Fail! What, after all these years!"—his voice grew hoarse. "Why, child, what is the matter with you to-night?" he broke off in alarm, for he could feel that she was crying softly, and crying was by no means one of Doris's customary habits.

She raised her head, and, hastily wiping her eyes, laughed.

"What is the matter with me, Jeffrey? I wish I knew. Perhaps it's the excitement! There, I'm all right now," and she slid away from him.

The old man seized her arm, and looked into her face intently.

"Doris!" he said, in a husky voice; "you—you are not unhappy?"

"Unhappy!" and she laughed again. "Why should I be unhappy? Perhaps I cried because I'm too happy! Grief and joy are next of kin, you know. And oughtn't I to be filled with joy, I, the Doris Marlowe, who is to play Juliet to-morrow night?"

His hand dropped from her arm, but he was only half-satisfied.

"If I thought——" he muttered. "Doris, you are all the world to me! Before Heaven I have had no thought but for you since"—he stopped abruptly—"since you became my care; day and night, early and late, I have worked to one end—to make you great and famous and happy! If I thought——" he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked at her almost wildly.

"I know, I know! Dear, dear old Jeffrey!" she murmured, soothing him with touch and voice.

"No, I don't know, but I can guess all you have been to me, all you have done for me. And I am happy, very, very happy! And I will be great and famous if you wish it! You shall see!" she said, nodding, and smiling through the tears that veiled her lovely eyes. "Wait till to-morrow night. There, it is you who are excited now! And now I'm going to try my dress on. We must look the Juliet if we cannot act her," and she stooped and kissed his forehead and ran from the room.

The old man stood where she had left him, his hands behind his back, his brows knotted into thick cords, his eyes fixed on the ground.

Doubt, almost remorse, were depicted on his countenance with an intensity almost terrible. He sank into a chair, and covering his face with his hands seemed lost in a dream. Presently the door opened, and Doris, like a vision of loveliness, stood in her white satin dress before him.

She held the long train in one hand, and in the other a candle above her head, and stood with a grave smile upon her beautiful face waiting. He looked up, then with a sudden cry threw out his arms.

"Lucy, Lucy, I did it for the best, for the best!"

"Jeffrey!" exclaimed Doris, "Jeffrey!" and she hastened towards him in alarm; but the sound of her voice had recalled him to himself, and passing his hand across his forehead he rose and looked at her.

"Yes, yes!" he said, still in a half dazed manner. "Yes, it will do. Doris, you are very beautiful."

She colored and shook her head.

"What a wicked thing to say, you flatterer! But, Jeffrey, why did you call me Lucy?" she asked, bending over him, her brows drawn together anxiously.

"Did I?" he replied evasively. "I—I must have been dreaming. There—ask me no more questions. The dress is perfect. Perfect!" he repeated emphatically, but looking at her face not the dress. "Walk across the room." She did so. "Now stand as I showed you. Bah! Yes, yes," he murmured with a sigh of satisfaction; "perfect! You took the part, Doris; not one of them could look it better—no! And to-morrow—" he stopped and regarded her with an earnestness that was almost fierce. "Child, if you fail to-morrow, you will kill me! Go now; go to bed and rest. Go!" he repeated, still looking at her, but waving her away with his hand as if she recalled some memory too painful to be borne; and Doris, stooping and kissing him, went up to her own room again. There she stood before the glass and looked at herself with a scrunity that she had never used before.

Jeffrey had called her beautiful. Was she really beautiful? Did others think her so?—did *he*?

She took up the handkerchief and looked at it dreamily; then, still in her Juliet dress, she joined her hands together as she had done when she had made a cup for him; and as she did so, the warm blood rushed to her face, for she could almost fancy that even now she could feel the touch of his lips and the golden moustache upon the soft, pink palms.

Rest! If to lie awake until the clock struck midnight, and then to fall asleep and dream that she was still bending over the handsome face, all pale but for the thin streak of red; to hear in her sleep the strong, musical voice murmuring, "Will you forgive me?" was rest,—then Doris was resting indeed!

CHAPTER IV.

Cecil Viscount Neville rode off at a gallop at first, but presently he pulled the horse up into a walk, for he wanted to think.

Something had happened beside his tumble that afternoon to "shake the soul of him," as Tasso says. The blood was coursing through his veins at racing pace, and his heart was beating violently with a new and strange emotion.

It seemed to him that he had been in fairyland: that is was quite impossible that what had happened could have really occurred.

Just as Doris had taken out the handkerchief and looked at it to convince herself that she had not been dreaming, so he put his hand to the cut on his forehead to help him to realize that imagination had not been playing pranks with him.

He had seen beautiful women: in the language of his world he had some half-a-dozen of them at least "pitched at his head;" but this one—

He stopped the horse, and recalled her face as it had looked down upon him when he came back to consciousness.

"I thought I was dead and that she was

an angel!" he murmured, his face flushing. "There never were eyes like hers! And her voice! And I don't know her name even! And I may never see her again! I must, I must! And I might have ridden over that beautiful creature—*she* might have been lying there instead of me!" he shuddered.

"I ought to have killed myself, clumsy, awkward idiot! But she forgave me, yes, she forgave me!" and he tried to recall, and succeeded in recalling, every word she had spoken. "I wonder who she is!" he asked himself for the hundredth time. "Why did'nt I ask her her name? No, I remember I could not! I—I never felt like that before, never! I felt actually afraid of her! I've half a mind to ride back—would she be angry, I wonder? I did'nt thank her enough. Why, I behaved like a fool! She must have thought me one! I'll ride back and beg her to tell me who she is. I *must* know!" and he was about to turn the horse when the clock of the Towers solemnly chimed the hour.

He started and looked at his watch.

"Dinner time," he murmured, "and it's a mortal sin to be five minutes late! No matter, I must go back," and he swung round.

Then he pulled up again. "No, she will not like it! It—it will seem as if I were forcing myself on her, and after all her goodness to me! But not to know her name even!" and with something between a sigh and a groan he put the horse into a gallop, and rode towards home.

Fortunately for the horse she had struck her knees upon the bank, and was uninjured, for Lord Cecil had—with unusual indifference—quite forgotten her, and it was not until he had ridden into the courtyard of the Towers, and met the surprised stare of the groom who came forward, that he remembered the animal.

"I've had a tumble," he said. "It was my fault, not Polly's! Give her an extra feed and wipe down," he added, as he patted her. "She isn't hurt, I'm glad to say."

"But you are, my lord, I'm afraid!" said the groom.

"Not a bit," said Lord Cecil, with a smile, and he hurried across the courtyard, and up the stone steps to the terrace.

The long walk, laid in Carrara marble, and running the whole length of the house, was perfectly empty, and everything was suspiciously quiet.

"They've begun dinner," said Lord Cecil, with a shrug of his shoulders. "That's unpleasant! I don't know my uncle very intimately, but I have a shrewd suspicion that he is the sort of man to cut up rough! Well, no, I don't suppose he would be rough if I burned the place down, but he'd be unpleasantly smooth."

He hurried along, past a long line of windows, screened by their curtains, and then past one through which the light came in innumerable streaks of color,—it was the stained oriel window,—and at last reached the great hall.

A groom of the chambers, attired in a dark purple livery that looked almost like a Court suit, came forward with something like solemn gravity.

"I'm late—eh?" said Lord Cecil, and his clear young voice, musical as it was, sounded large and loud in the solemn, subdued air of the place.

"Dinner has been served twenty-two minutes, my lord," was the grave reply.

"Oh! hang the two minutes," said Lord Cecil, "I shan't be long." And he bounded up the stairs, apparently to the amazement of the official and a couple of stately footmen, who looked after him with surprise.

It took him some two or three minutes to reach his room. The Towers was a huge place, but which, huge as it was, the marquis only dwelt in for a month or two once in three or four years—he had so many other and huger places—and Lord Cecil found his valet waiting for him.

"Look sharp, Parkins," he said, slipping off his coat. "I'm awfully late. Has the marquis enquired for me?"

"No, my lord," said Parkins, as he set about his ministration with quiet celerity. "Mr. Scoble, the butler, did mention that his lordship never waited for anyone."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Lord Cecil. "It's bad enough to spoil one's own dinner without ruining other people's. All right? What are you fumbling at?"

"I was trying to hide the cut on your forehead, my lord."

"Oh! never mind that," said Lord Cecil, impatiently, and he hurried down.

The groom came forward with stately step, and led the way to the dining room, and opened the door slowly, as if it were the entrance to the Court.

It was a magnificent room, so large that it had been found necessary to curtail its dimensions with screens and curtains, the last of crimson plush with heavy bullion fringe.

The table was loaded with a splendid service of plate, and, at the head of it, sat The Most Honorable the Marquis of Stoyle, Earl of Braithwaite and Denbigh, of Scotland, Baron Barranough, of Ireland, Knight of the Garter of England, &c., &c.

He rose with majestic courtesy as Lord Cecil entered, and the light from a delicately shaded lamp, falling full upon his face and figure, made a picture of them calculated to strike the least observant of mortals.

He was an old man,—seventy-two, the "Peerage" says, and that cannot lie, as somebody remarks,—but he was as straight as an arrow, and save for two lines running from the corners of his finely shaped nose, and a few wrinkles at the ends of his grey, piercing eyes, the face was as smooth as Lord Cecil's own; smooth and almost as pale as ivory; every feature as cleanly cut as if it were carved in; smooth and cold as ice; and yet, with all its ice-like impassibility, a vague, indefinite something, not marked enough for an expression, which always rivetted a stranger's gaze, and made him—uncomfortable.

It was not exactly contempt, or hauteur, or dislike, but a commingling of all three, which imparted to the face a quality hard to define but easy to feel.

It should be added, to complete the picture, that his white hair, worn rather long, was brushed straight back from the white forehead, and the hands were snowy in color, and of quite feminine shape and texture.

This imposing figure stood upright until Lord Cecil had taken his seat, the hard, steel-like eyes regarding him with an impassive, ice-like courtesy, then sank into its seat again.

It was not until he had done so that Lord Cecil was startled by seeing that a third person was present, for he had been unable to remove his eyes from the marquis's while they were on his face.

Now he saw that between him and the marquis sat a lady; and Lord Cecil, as his senses woke to the fact of her presence, was guilty of an astonished stare.

It is not given to everyone to meet in one day the two most beautiful women he had ever seen, but this was Lord Cecil's fate. The lady was young, with a fair and perfectly-tinted face, with dark brown eyes, and hair that shone like raw silk under the mellow light that fell from the candelabra above.

Her presence was so unexpected that Lord Cecil might be pardoned for expressing in his gaze something of the surprise he felt.

The sound of the marquis's voice, low and yet clear, like the sound of a treble-bell, recalled him to himself and his manners.

"This is Lord Cecil Neville, Lady Grace," he said, and he just moved his snowy hand. "Cecil, I think I told you that I expected Lady Grace?"

Lord Cecil bowed, and the lady inclined her head with a smile.

"As we are strangers, and Lord Neville has probably never heard of me, marquis, perhaps you had better add that I am Lord Peyton's daughter.

The marquis bowed.

"Of coure I have heard of you, Lady Grace," said Lord Cecil.

The dark brown eyes opposite him grew rather keen as they rested on his face, but for a moment only, then she smiled again.

"If I had known that you were here—" he stopped and laughed—"well, I was going to say that I'd been home earlier, but the fact is I met with a slight accident, and was detained."

The dark eyes seemed to flash over him, then fixed themselves upon the cut on his forehead.

"You were not hurt, I hope?" she said. "I see you have a cut on your brow."

"No," he said. "It is nothing."

"How did it happen?" asked Lady Grace. The marquis had not condescended to make any enquiry; indeed for any sign of interest he might have been stone deaf.

"Got pitched over a hedge," he said.

"By a man?" she asked, raising her brows.

He laughed.

"No, by a horse. By the way, sir," he said, turning to the marquis, "I am glad to say that the horse is not injured."

"No?" said the marquis with slow indifference. "Perhaps that is as well; horses are valuable," and the tone more than the words seemed to add—"and men—especially Lord Cecil Neville—are not."

Lord Cecil glanced at him quickly, but the pale face was set and impassive as if innocent of any intent to insult.

After this cheerful remark the conversation rather naturally languished. Lord Cecil was hungry, and devoted his attention to his plate; the servants moved to and fro waiting with subdued and watchful assiduity; the marquis ate his dinner with slow wearied grace, his eyes fixed on the great golden epergne in the centre of the table, as profoundly silent as if he never meant to utter another word. Now and again Lady Grace raised her eyes and scanned the handsome face opposite her, and Lord Cecil would have returned the compliment, but while he ate his dinner he was thinking of that other face with the dark hair and blue eyes, which had bent over him by the brook, recalling the sweet voice which still rang in his ears like distant music.

He started when the low soft voice of Lady Grace said—

"Have you been at the Tower long, Lord Cecil?"

It was rather an awkward question, for this was his first visit to the house of the marquis his uncle, for ten years.

"Two days," he replied simply.

Lady Grace's eyes grew keen, and she glanced from the young man to the old one.

"I have just been trying to tell the marquis how intensely I admire the place," she said.

The marquis inclined his to her in courtly acknowledgement, but without a word.

"It is the prettiest—no, the grandest—old place I have ever seen. I am surprised to hear the marquis seldom visits it. The view from the terrace is magnificent. The country round about must be very beautiful."

"I think it is," said Lord Cecil; the marquis made no sign. "I haven't seen much of it."

"I shall expect you to act as guide to what you have seen," she said, with a smile that seemed to flash like a beam of light from her white face.

"I shall be most happy," he responded.

"I think the country is at its best in the spring, and I am always glad to get a little while, a short breathing time, before the London season commences. Let me see, you are in the 215th, aren't you Captain Neville?"

"I was," said Lord Cecil, with a momentary embarrassment, and a glance at the marble-like face at the head of the table. "I have retired."

"What a pity!" she said, and her eyes seemed to take in, at a glance, his broad chest and stalwart limbs.

"Do you extend your sympathy to the army or to Lord Cecil?" asked the marquis in a voice too smooth for the sneer which his question conveyed.

Lord Cecil's eyes flashed, and his color rose, but he contained himself and smiled.

"Oh, for both, of course. Surely the commander-in-chief cannot afford to lose a good officer, and Lord Cecil must be sorry to leave the army."

"No," murmured the marquis. "I do not suppose the commander-in-chief can afford to lose a good officer. Lord Cecil must have been a great loss," and his icy glance rested for a moment, without a spark of expression, upon the handsome face which had flushed again under his cruel taunt.

"The loss was all on my side, Lady Grace," he managed to say with a smile; "at any rate, the duke bears up wonderfully well."

Once more the marquis had succeeded in freezing the conversation, and Lady Grace, after toying with a strawberry, rose to leave the table. And as Lord Cecil opened the door for her, she put up her fan, and in a remarkably low voice murmured,—

"You will not stay long?"

"I certainly shan't," he replied emphatically, and in an equally low voice; but low as it was, the marquis appered to have heard it.

"I shall not detain you long," he said. "You drink, of course?" and he touched the decanter.

The tone and not the words again seemed to convey an insult, and Lord Cecil shook his head, feeling as if he would rather have perished of thirst than drank a glass of the wine thus offered.

"No?" said the marquis, and he managed to make even this single word offensive. "I thought it was the present custom with young men."

"No, sir," said Lord Cecil; "we have changed the fashion."

The marquis inclined his head as if the retort was a compliment.

"Ah, the present age has no vice, I presume. Is it because they have no strength for them?"

"I don't know," said Lord Cecil almost coldly.

The marquis filled a glass with the rare and costly wine, and as he sipped it, allowed his eyes to stray over the rim to his nephew's face.

"I think I told you Lady Grace was expected?" he said.

"I think not, sir," said Lord Cecil.

"Ah, it escaped me. Her father is an old—friend of mine." The pause conveyed the sneer which lay in almost every sentence he uttered, and was expressed by tone or word. "He did me a great service, and I owe him a debt of gratitude."

Lord Cecil looked up inquiringly. The marquis dipped his white fingers, in the finger-glass, and added, smoothly:

"He ran off with a girl to whom I was going to be married. This is her daughter, and I am naturally—attached to her."

The idea of the marquis being attached to any human being on the face of the earth almost raised a smile on Lord Cecil's face. He might have laughed outright, the marquis would have made no sign. He sipped his wine slowly, then he said:

"She is what the people call a beautiful girl?"

This was put as a question, and Lord Cecil hastened to reply:

"She is very beautiful, sir."

"If you say so," said the marquis, with an inclination of the head, which brought the color to Lord Cecil's face, and caused him to mutter:

"I can't stand this much longer."

"I beg your pardon?" said the marquis, blandly.

In his embarassment Lord Cecil seized the decanter, and poured out a glass of wine, and the ghost of a smile crossed the marquis's face.

"It rather singular that Lady Grace should have mentioned the army," he said. "It reminded me that I wanted to speak to you on the subject. First let me thank you for complying with my desire."

Lord Cecil smiled, but rather grimly.

"I don't think I could have done otherwise," he said.

"Ah! true—yes. I think, if I remember rightly, that I made the continuance of your allowance subject to your resigning. No doubt you thought the conditions rather arbitrary. Permit me to explain it. I could not afford it."

Lord Cecil stared in an unfeigned astonishment, which appeared to give the marquis immense satisfaction.

"I generally avoid business matters," he said, slowly, and as smoothly as ever; "I leave them to my steward and lawyer. But I think we had better speak of them!—it is a good opportunity! It will surprise you to hear, no doubt, that I am a poor man!"

Lord Cecil certainly looked surprised. The marquis smiled.

"Y—es," he said slowly, as if he enjoyed making the statement. "It appears that I have spent rather more than double my income for say fifty years since, and I imagine that my father and grandfather must have done the same; at least that is the only way in which I can account for the fact that the whole of the free estates are mortgaged up to the neck," he added, as if it were a line of especially beautiful poetry.

Lord Cecil sat silent and attentive.

"The land that couldn't be mortgaged will, of course, come to you," continued the marquis, and his tone conveyed his infinite regret; "but even the income from that will be drawn upon to pay the interest on the others. Consequently," with bland and icy politeness, "you will probably be the poorest peer of the realm."

Lord Cecil remained silent, his eyes fixed gravely on the pale, set face, which bore not the faintest indication of regret.

"It is an uncomfortable position! I cannot imagine a more deplorable one, can you?"

Lord Cecil nodded.

"I—I don't think I have realised it yet, sir," he replied.

"Ah!" said the marquis. "But you will. I haven't felt it because, you see, I have been able to raise money for myself! That is unfortunate for you, of course, but I imagine you would have done the same in my place."

Lord Cecil did not reply. The heartlessness of the speech simply staggered him.

The marquis waited, as if to give him time to digest this charmingly candid statement, then remarked, in as casual a voice as if he were commenting on the weather:

"Lady Grace's grandfather made his money, and his title, out of beer. She will be immensely rich, I believe, and will not require the small sum—though it will be my all—which I shall leave her."

He paused and looked at his white hands, then in an utterly wearied voice, as if he had exhausted all the interest in the subject, said:

"I am glad you think her so charming! Pray do not let me keep you from her any longer!" and he rose and stood like a statue.

Lord Cecil pushed his chair back and rose, his handsome face rather pale, his eyes flashing.

"Do I understand, sir—do you want me to understand that you wish me to——" he hesitated a moment, then brought it out bluntly—"to marry Lady Grace?"

The marquis surveyed him from under half closed lids as if he were some insignificant object at a distance.

"Certainly not!" he said smoothly. "I was merely making an attempt, I fear a vain attempt, to amuse you by giving you some information. It is,"—the words dropped with icy, contemptuous indifference from his scarcely moving lips,—"a matter of profound indifference to me whether you marry Lady Grace—or one of the maids in the kitchen!"

A fierce retort trembled on the tip of Lord Cecil's tongue, but he closed his lips tightly and, returning the courtly bow, which the marquis at this moment accorded him, with a short inclination of the head left the room.

The marquis gently sank back into his chair with the placid and serene air of a man who has spent a remarkably pleasant quarter of an hour.

Outside, in the hall, Lord Cecil pulled himself up and drew a long breath, as a man does who has kept a tight hold upon himself for about as long as he can manage; then he paced up and down the full length of the hall,—much to the concealed amusement of the groom and the footmen, one of whom stood ready to open the drawing room door for him,—and, at last, remembering that Lady Grace was waiting for him, greatly relieved the footman's feelings by entering the room.

Lady Grace was reclining, almost completely lying, on a couch near the fire. At a little distance sat a middle aged lady, bent over some kind of needlework.

It was a distant connection of the marquis, who acted as a kind of housekeeper, and who was more like a shadow than a living breathing woman.

Beyond his first greeting when he had arrived, Lord Cecil had not succeeded in exchanging a word with her. As he entered now she just raised her head like an automaton, and let it fall again over her work.

Lady Grace looked across at him with a smile, and he went and leant against the mantel-piece of carved marble and mosaic, and she let her eyes scan his face in silence for a moment, then she said with a smile—

"Have you been enjoying yourself, Lord Cecil?"

"Oh, very much!" he said.

She laughed a low, soft laugh.

"Shall I tell you what you are thinking?" she said.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"You were wondering what train you could catch to-morrow morning."

He started.

"Right the first time!" he acknowledged with a short laugh.

She moved her fan—it was a large one of fancy blue feathers—which in juxtaposition with her face made its fairness seem dazzling.

"Well, don't," she said, "for my sake."

"For your sake?" he said, half absently.

"Yes. Don't you see you would leave me alone? You would not be so cruel! And after two days only."

"It seems about two years," he said grimly.

She laughed softly, her eyes still fixed on his face, as if it were a book whose pages she was reading.

"How charming the marquis is, isn't he?"

"Charming!" he assented, with a volume of bitterness in the word.

"You must be glad to be here with him, and it is the first time for ten years."

"And the last for another ten," he said under his breath, but she heard him.

"Don't say that. After all, he is not so bad when you know him."

"There are some people one doesn't want to know, Lady Grace."

"And then we must make allowances," she said. "Why do they call him Wicked Lord Stoyle?" she asked him, not abruptly, but the same soft voice that most people found set upon them like a caress.

"I don't know. For good and fully sufficient reasons I've no doubt," he replied.

"Do you think he has murdered anybody, now?" she enquired, with a smile.

"I don't know. Perhaps, I daresay. At any rate I'm quite sure a great many people must have longed to murder him."

"Oh, fie!" she said, touching him with the edge of her fan; "and your uncle, too! I wonder what he has done?"

"I was just wondering what he hasn't done," said Lord Cecil grimly.

She laughed.

"You amuse me, Lord Cecil."

"I'm awfully glad," he said. "I didn't think it was in me to amuse anyone tonight."

"You have had rather a bad quarter of an hour,—yes?" she said softly. "What a happy woman the marquis's wife must have been."

Lord Cecil started.

"I didn't know——" he said enquiringly.

She laughed, and the fan moved to and fro in rhythmic curves.

"No? Oh, yes, there was a marchioness once. Years and years ago. I believe he killed her—with kindness."

"Poor woman!" he said under his breath!

"Yes. But that's the mystery. No one knows, you see, and never will know. Everybody knows about his ruining his cousin, Lord Denbigh, at cards; he committed suicide, and so the marquis inherited the Denbigh title; and about his shooting old Lady Dalrymple's son: they say that the marquis fired before the word was given; and about his running away with that foolish Lady Penelope; she died in a garret at Dieppe; but nobody knows about the marchioness. How shocked you look!"

"Do I?" he said. "I didn't think I was capable of it. But surely that isn't all he has done?" he said with grim sarcasm.

"Oh, no; these are trifles which I happened to remember hearing about. They are only trifles."

"That is all," he said.

They were silent for a moment or two; then she said in the same voice, too low and soft to reach the old lady sitting at the other end of the room,—

"And now shall I tell you what you are thinking about, Lord Cecil?"

"Don't! I'm afraid!" he cried.

"You are wondering why I am here!"

His eyes replied in the affirmative for him.

"Because——But wait! I am more clever even than you suppose! Shall I tell you what the marquis has been saying to you in the drawing room; and why you look so grim and gloomy?"

He did not answer.

She let her eyes rest upon his face with a serene and languid expression of amusement.

"Well, then, he has been advising you to marry me."

Lord Cecil was almost guilty of a start.

He could not speak, the color rose to his face, and his eyes dropped from hers to the diamond pendant that glistened on the white neck.

She laughed softly, and the diamonds seemed to laugh with her, as they scintillated in the subdued light.

"Am I right? You need not answer: your face is eloquent enough! And now I will tell you why I came here—I came here to see you."

He tried to speak, but she held up her fan to command him to silence.

"You see, I know the marquis and his charming ways better than you do. I knew that he wished us to meet, that we might—how shall I put it?—respect each other. Well, Lord Cecil, I have seen you, and you have seen me. But—" she rose with slow and graceful ease and took up the train of her dress—"but you are not obliged to marry me, and I—" she laughed softly up at his handsome face—"I am certainly not obliged to marry you. And now in reward for my candor—I *have* been candid, haven't I?—you will not leave me alone in this castle of Giant Despair?"

She did not wait for his answer, but with a soft "good night" and a smiling nod glided from the room.

With a smile still on her face, Lady Grace went slowly up the great staircase to the magnificent apartments which had been prepared for her.

The smile was still on her face while her maid brushed the long tresses of silky hair that fell like a shower of gold over the white shoulders, and even when she was alone, she smiled still as she leant forward and looked at her face in the glass.

"Yes," she murmured, falling back and half closing her eyes. "He is worth winning. There is only one thing I fear." She paused, with a faint sigh. "I am afraid that I shall love him too well!"

Lord Cecil stood with his back to the fire for twenty minutes after Lady Grace had left him. To say that he was amazed would be only inadequately to describe the state of his feelings.

At last, as if he were making an effort to cast off the bewilderment which had fallen upon him, he wished the old lady goodnight, and went, not to his room, but out on to the terrace, for he felt a kind of craving for the open air, in which he might rid himself of the effects produced by his insight into his uncle's character and the extraordinary candor of Lady Grace.

He drew a long breath as he leant over the balustrade, and his brain cleared somewhat.

"If Lady Grace is reading my thoughts at this present moment," he murmured, "she'll know I'm thinking of that train still! Yes, I'll be off the first thing to-morrow morning!"

And with this firm resolution he turned to go back to the house. As he did so, something white fluttered past him, blown by the faint night breeze.

He stooped and picked it up, and absently glanced at it by the light from the window. It was a small hand-bill, having on it in red letters:—

"Theatre Royal, Barton.

"Romeo and Juliet."

Romeo and Juliet! It was that she had been reading by the brook. Instantly her lovely face rose before him, and dispelled all memory of the events of the night.

He stood looking down at the paper dreamily, wistfully,—seeing, not it, but the dark hair and blue eyes of the girl who had bent over him, whose hands his lips had touched.

"No!" he said, with a sharp sigh, "no, I can't go, for *she* is somewhere here, and I must find her!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHIVALROUS KNIGHTS.—The chivalrous knights who came over with the Conqueror, the nobles who fought at Neville's Cross, and Crecy, and Agincourt, were for the most part the merciless tyrants of their serfs and dependents.

Sordid rapacity kept pace with reckless profusion, and in the arbitrary exercise of their feudal rights they shrank from no form of oppressive cruelty.

Their brutalities would have disgraced a Jonathan Wild, and their crimes would seem scandalous in the Newgate calendar.

To do them justice, they were as hard on their equals as on their inferiors, though from a point of perhaps egotistical punctilio, they spared their equals the dishonor of actual torture. The captive had neither comfort nor mercy to expect till he paid his ransom, or was rescued by his friends.

What stories of slow misery in the very shadow of death might be told by the dungeon that may still be seen beneath the foundations of such castles as Warkworth or Kenilworth! There the well-nurtured knight, like Damian de Lacy in "The Betrothed," shackled and ironed, although there was no possibility of escape, was doomed to solitary seclusion on the coarsest and scantiest food.

Fettered in the damp and the darkness among loathsome creeping things, he drew breath with difficulty in the foulest air; and it was fortunate for him that, like the cold-blooded toads which were his fellow prisoners, undeveloped sensibilities saved him from insanity.

The only access to those loathsome oubliettes was, as at Warkworth, through the trap-door opening in the roof. What must have been the tone of mind of the chivalrous lord of the castle who could feast and carouse in the banquet hall above stairs with such horrors and suffering beneath its feet!

But what between hard fighting, free feasting and deep drinking, the nobles of the middle ages seem to have kept conscience at arm's length, as they had become absolute indifferent to the suffering of their fellow creatures. There were rare exceptions to prove the rule. Some princes and wealthy nobles were piously inclined and laid rich munificent. They gave liberally in their lifetimes, and made magnificent ecclesiastical foundations.

DON'T QUARREL.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is to quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after, than he did before; it degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, tends to blunt his sensibilities, and increases his irritability. The truth is, that the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if the man cheats you, to at once quit dealing with him; if he slanders you, take care to live down his slanders. Let such persons alone, for there is nothing better than this way of dealing with those who injure us.

Bric-a-Brac.

ARNOLD DEVINE, of Quebec, eloped with a married woman with whom he was slightly acquainted. He hastened with his stolen bride across the border into the United States expecting pursuit. In this he was mistaken. He is now looking around to get some one to elope with the woman back to Canada. As he might have known, his stolen wife was worthless.

PUNISHMENT.—The slightest of all the Chinese punishments is the bastinado, which is considered as a mere paternal correction, and has no infamy annexed to it. The Emperor may even cause it to be inflicted on some of his courtiers, without destroying their reputation; and a mandarin may order it to be inflicted on any disorderly person without the form of trial. The number of blows is in proportion to the crime, but never less than twenty; and the offender is expected to prostrate himself before the mandarin and thank him for his kind correction.

ABOUT BABIES.—In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck. In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away. Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new born babe in Holland. Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm. Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Among the Vosges peasant children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue, but better reasoning powers.

THE RING.—According to ring language if a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand: if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged she wears a diamond ring on her first finger, if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or trinkets to a lady with the left hand, this on his part is intended as an overture of regard. Should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few tokens, explained by rules, the passion of love is expressed.

NOVEMBER.—November obtains its name through having been the ninth month of the Romans, and originally consisted of thirty days. Julius Cæsar added an additional day, which, however, was afterwards taken away by Augustus. The Saxons called the month Blot Monath—blood month—either because of the number of cattle slaughtered at this season for their winter store, or for the purpose of sacrificing to their deities. They also called it Wint Monath, or wind month, from the blustering winds which prevail during the month. The Romans dedicated the month to Diana, keeping the "Banquet of Jupiter," and solemnising the Circensian Games upon the first day of November. This day was likewise a grand thanksgiving, or day of rest, among the Druids, corresponding to their high solar festival on May Day.

WHY OLD MEN ABOUND IN INDIAN JAILS.—A recent visitor to one of the Punjaub jails was amazed to find a remarkably large number of old men among the prisoners, almost one convict in five having a gray beard. The jailer being asked for an explanation replied:

"It is a common practice when a theft is brought home to a man by the police for him to get an old father or uncle to take the blame on himself, or he puts up a young brother to do so. Before the court they make full and circumstantial confessions. They are convicted and the real thieves get off, and it is for the family benefit that this should be so. A sturdy young man is able to do more for the family support by honest labor or by thieving than an old man or a boy. The old man has lost many of the instincts and appetites which make liberty so dear to the young man. He cannot be put to any very hard labor, and will be well fed and well looked after while he is in jail. If a boy confesses he will probably escape with a flogging. The conviction of an old man or a boy will look quite as well in the police returns as that of an able-bodied young man, so long as they get their conviction, the police don't trouble themselves very much about the matter."

THE THREE LESSONS.

BY SCHILLER.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

BUT, If these things were very much the same as of old, Kathleen herself was changed almost beyond belief. The tall well-dressed young lady, wrapped in a handsome fur-cloak, who alighted from the carriage and smiled a gracious greeting of perfect self-possession at the old family butler, turning round to give some direction in French to the smart little Belgian lady's-maid who followed her, bore but little similitude to the badly-dressed and nervous girl of years before, who was so ignorant that she did not know which way to turn and so shy that the very menservants had filled her with awe and terror.

But that she was the very same Kathleen Elwyn as heart might have been guessed perhaps from the vivid blush which covered her face as she caught sight of Sir Adrian Deverell standing in the hall as she entered. He was the first person to take her hand as she crossed the threshold.

Perhaps he too remembered the August moonlight night of long ago, for a slight flush mounted to his brow as he welcomed her; and, as he held her hand, an irresistible impulse made him survey her rapidly from head to foot.

Was this the poor despised little Kathleen whom Lucille talked about as the "barmaid's daughter"—this beautiful graceful woman with the perfect figure and grand dark eyes and dazzling complexion?

"How changed you are!" he could not help exclaiming.

That the change was for the better might easily have been read in his smiling eyes.

"Am I changed? I have only grown older," answered the girl laughingly, adding, with a shadow of deeper feeling, "I am not changed at all to my friends, Sir Adrian. Ah, here is dearest papa!"—and she flew across the hall to embrace her father.

Lady Elwyn was there too; and Lucille, impelled by curiosity, followed slowly in the wake of her aunt to inspect the newcomer.

They were both secretly disgusted to see that the girl had returned not only beautiful beyond conception by careful and affectionate training, but also self-possessed in manners, and quite free from the painful timidity which had rendered her awkward and strange on her first appearance amongst them.

Kathleen as she was now was, they felt instinctively, a far more formidable enemy than the girl who had gone away three years before.

They made however a show of welcoming her kindly, kissing her coldly and making a few formal inquiries concerning her journey. But Lord Elwyn could not conceal his delight and admiration, and held her at arm's-length whilst he gave vent to his feelings.

"Well, Brussels has done wonders indeed, my child! I never saw a girl so improved in my life! Just look at her, Adelaide—did you ever see such a difference?"

"Kathleen is certainly looking well," assented Lady Elwyn. "You see, my dear, I was quite right in advising your father to send you to school."

"Well, school, or something or other, has made a marvellous change in her anyhow!"

Lord Elwyn kissed his daughter anew with much tenderness.

Lucille turned round to her betrothed, who, leaning back against a table, was observing the little scene with interested eyes.

"All this family effusion is very stupid for you and me, Adrian! Come round to the stables and look at my mare; we shall have time before it gets dark."

With an effort, he roused himself to a sense of duty and followed her out of the house.

"Good gracious," cried Miss Maitland, with a gesture of impatience, as soon as they were out of earshot, "what a fuss uncle makes over that wretched girl! I don't see any difference in her myself; she seems to have a little more cheek than she used to have—French or Belgian varnish, I suppose. I can't see any other alteration in her—can you?"

"Miss Elwyn was always a pretty girl; it seems to me that she has developed into an exceedingly beautiful woman," replied Sir Adrian gravely, without looking at his companion.

She glanced at him sharply. A singular expression passed over her face. Of all unbearable things to Lucille Maitland, that another woman's looks should be praised in her presence was what she hated the most.

She looked upon it as an insult to her own beauty, as derogatory to the loveliness which was hers by a sort of Divine right, that another face should be considered even worthy of mention whilst she was present.

That such mention should be made by her own lover in speaking to herself almost amounted in her eyes to a deliberate insult.

A wave of malignant anger swept like a dark cloud across her peerless face, changing it for a moment into a very mockery of itself.

If Sir Adrian had looked up then, instead of contemplating absorbedly the gravel drive beneath his feet, he might well have doubted whether his golden-headed queen of beauty could even in her face be properly said to vie in any fashion with the sweet dark-eyed Kathleen.

Fortunately perhaps for him, Adrian missed the look of rage and anger. He only heard the cool sarcasm in the contemptuous words which followed after a moment's interval.

"Dear me, Adrian, you seem absolutely smitten with that girl! If I remember rightly, long ago you were somewhat sweet upon her; and I fancy she inveigled you into quite a little flirtation. My poor boy, take care of your heart, pray! As we are to be married so soon, it would be safer perhaps to keep out of this charmer's way."

"How can you be so foolish, Lucille!" he interrupted, with some show of annoyance on his clouded brow.

Lucille laughed a merry laugh—a laugh of triumph. Only a month more! He could not well escape now!

She had had a great deal of fun in the past three years—she had stayed in gay country-houses all over England, had danced at manifold balls, had flirted—oh, who could tell how much she had flirted—but through it all she had kept her hold upon her lover.

She had never given him one loop-hole for escape, nor said or done one single word or thing that could be said to overstep the border-line of the correct behavior of an engaged young lady—not so far as any one could see, at any rate; and all the time she had a great deal of fun, and she had driven one man at least to the very verge of madness. Oh, she had been very clever.

They were at the stables by this time, and the mare that was to carry her mistress to hounds in the morning came in for a great deal of attention and comment. When they came out of her loose-box, Lucille observed two neat hunters in clothing being led into the yard by a couple of stablemen.

"What are those two horses?" inquired Miss Maitland of the head-groom, who was locking the stable door behind her. "They are new, surely; I do not remember seeing either of them before. What good-looking animals!"

"They only arrived this morning, miss; and the men have just been exercising them a bit, as the bay is to go out to-morrow. They are Miss Elwyn's hunters, miss, that my lord has bought for her to hunt this season."

"Miss Elwyn's hunters!" repeated Lucille, with angry amazement, turning round upon the man. "Miss Elwyn has never hunted in her life, Crewe—she cannot possibly require hunters!"

"Beg pardon, miss, but my lord said Miss Elwyn would hunt to-morrow; and I am to attend on her as her own groom, and follow her the whole day. It was I as taught her to ride first, if you remember, miss, when she was here before; and she sat her 'oss uncommon well then—uncommon well," added Crewe, with appreciative candor.

Lucille walked away angrily; her rage and jealousy could be smothered no longer.

"This is unendurable!" she cried, as soon as they were outside the stable-yard. "Two hunters for that chit of a girl, who doesn't know how to get on a horse, I should say, whilst I have never been allowed to have more than one here! I must get aunt Adelaide to interfere. One of these hunters should be mine; but it seems that I am to be nobody, whilst she is to be everybody now."

"Is it not natural, seeing that she is Lord Elwyn's daughter, whilst you are only his niece by marriage, Lucille?"

"Daughter indeed! What sort of a daughter, I wonder? Anyhow, my mother was a lady, and everybody knows that she was properly married to my father in York Cathedral; but, as to the barmaid, who can say whether she was ever really married to my uncle or not?"

"Lucille, you are making a frightful accusation for which you have not the slightest grounds!" cried Adrian, with honest indignation. "It is a pity that you should give way to unworthy jealousy."

"Jealousy indeed—I jealous of that creature! Great heavens, Adrian, how ridiculous! How could I be jealous? I am only surprised that uncle Edward should be so insane as to put his daughter upon thoroughbred hunters good enough for you or me to ride, when she knows nothing about hunting, and will probably tumble off at the first fence!" And she added mentally, "And a good thing too if she broke her neck over it!"

Meanwhile Kathleen was realising to her sorrow that one familiar face had passed away from Clortell Towers for ever. Poor old Gorman was no longer there to pet her and to warn her against the pitfalls which lay on every side of her.

Kathleen had been told that her elderly maid had died in the previous spring of an attack of inflammation of the lungs; but she had scarcely understood what a void her death would make to her until she found herself once more in her own pretty bed-room and missed the kind old woman who had given her so motherly a welcome on her first arrival.

"There will be nobody to caution me against wicked Colonels now!" thought the girl, with a half-smile and a tear in her eye. "Not that such cautions will be needed," she added.

But, could she have been present only that very morning during an interview between Lord and Lady Elwyn after breakfast, she might have been of a different opinion.

"Alfred will come here on Friday from the De la Brailles'," Lady Elwyn had said, referring to a letter she had received by the morning's post. "He says he will be hunting to-morrow; so, if Kathleen goes out he will meet her."

Lord Elwyn murmured to himself.

"He seems as keen as possible about that match still, Edward. I do hope you are not going to raise any objections!"

Lord Elwyn was more under his wife's thumb now than he had been three years before. His health was broken, and his spirits were often depressed. He was not an old man in years, but he had had several attacks of illness, and he had aged considerably since Kathleen had gone away to Brussels. He generally succumbed to his imperious wife now!

"The man if old enough to be her father, you know," he said, shaking his head dubiously.

"What does that matter? Hundreds of marriages with as great a disparity have been remarkably happy ones."

"Yes; that is true. But Kathleen, if you remember, was terrified when it was suggested to her before. I don't want my little girl driven into marriage with any man."

"Certainly not, my love; neither do I; but she will be older now, and wiser, no doubt. Alfred has sown his wild oats, and will doubtless settle down into an exemplary husband; and, besides, you must acknowledge that to keep the title and the money together would be a grand thing."

Yes; that was where she always overcame him—the money and the title together! It had been the desire of his life; and just as its crowning sorrow had been the loss of his heir, so its chiefest dream after that sad event had been that somehow his daughter and his cousin might agree to remain together as man and wife at Clortell after he was gone.

At the bottom of his heart he must have known that to unite a young and pure-souled girl to a hardened *roue* old enough to be her father was a terrible thing to do; yet his ambition was so nearly concerned in the matter that he obstinately refused to look at it in that light.

"Anyhow, I won't have the child forced into it," he said. "If it comes about naturally, of course I shall raise no objection."

"It shall come about naturally," Lady Elwyn had answered confidently; and in her own mind she determined that it should—at any rate, in Lord Elwyn's eyes.

"I was too hasty last time," she said to herself, as she folded up the letter; "but I shall know better now."

CHAPTER X.

There is no scene so thoroughly characteristic of England, so impossible to be seen in any other country in the world, and therefore so absolutely and essentially English in its aspect, as a meet of the fox-hounds in a hunting-county.

The wintry background of wood and hill, the soft gray of the skies, the tame landscape melting into tender mistiness in the distance—all make up an effective setting to the scarlet coats, the sleek and shining sides of chestnut, bay, or brown, and the dapple backs and quivering sterns of the eager and expectant hounds.

Then there are happy faces of men and women flushed with the brisk ride through the morning air—all intent upon the sport and full of suppressed anticipations—the greetings interchanged, the champing of bits and the pawing feet of horses, and presently "the sound of the horn" echoing clearly and sweetly over hill and dale.

Thus it was at the cross-roads by Telford Woods on the morning of the day when Kathleen Elwyn went out hunting for the first time in her life.

She had been looking forward to this day for months past with the keenest anticipation, and she was in the highest and happiest of spirits.

Mounted on an absolutely perfect lady's hunter of exquisite shape and faultless manners—for Lord Elwyn had been too knowing a sportsman in his youth not to understand how to set about getting good animals for his daughter—she experienced for the first time in her life that exultation of physical delight which to be well mounted affords to every keen lover of the noble sport which is said to be fit for kings.

Some people learn how to ride with pains and practice, and ride very creditably in the end; others never seem to learn at all, but ride by nature, because it is bred and born in them. Of the former was Lucille Maitland; of the latter, Kathleen Elwyn.

Miss Maitland wore nicely-made habits and hats which attracted general attention, as did her lovely statuesque features and gold-glinting hair.

She sat gracefully upon her horse, and was dexterous in so working her reins as to cause her animal to curvet and prance and sidle in a fashion that exhibited the contour of her beautiful figure to its fullest advantage.

As to Kathleen, nobody would perhaps notice the fit of her habit, although there was no fault to be found with it. She made no particular show, and studied no effect; but she sat in her saddle as if she was perfectly at home there, and she and her horse were one, and of the same mind in every movement.

She had no fear—not because she was foolhardy or ignorant, but because, with such a seat and hands, and with instincts of horsemanship so perfect as hers, no sense of nervousness had ever been possible to her. At the bottom of her heart Lucille was a coward on a horse. She could ride her own mare because she was accustomed to her; but she was not fond of strange horses.

It would therefore have been far wiser had she declined to go out on this particular morning when, at breakfast-time, Crewe sent a message into the house to say that Miss Maitland's mare had strained her fetlock slightly in the stable during the night and was unfit to go out.

"Oh, I hope you will ride my other horse!" cried Kathleen generously. "Do have him, Lucille!"—the girls called each other by their Christian names now.

"You had better not" counselled Adrian. "You have never tried him—you might not be able to ride him properly;" and this advice angered Lucille horribly.

"And why cannot I ride a strange horse as well as Kathleen, pray?" she retorted haughtily; and then she told herself that he only wanted her to stay at home so as to go out alone with Kathleen, and jealousy added to pride made her accept the loan of the horse with alacrity.

But the somewhat hot-tempered chestnut horse Sunbeam, on which she was mounted, was in no way accustomed to such little

vagaries of handling as Lucille was wont to indulge in.

He looked very handsome certainly, and so did his rider, as he sidled and turned and twisted half rearing up now and again as she jerked at the curb and snorting impatiently under her hands.

He was a horse not without a suspicion of a temper, and Kathleen could not avoid giving her a word of caution as they waited at the covert-side.

"Don't you think," she said very gently and kindly, "that you would get on better with him if you didn't pull his mouth quite so much about? It would be better, I think to keep him quiet till we start; he seems very much fretted."

"Don't you think," replied Lucille haughtily, Adrian having trotted off to speak to an acquaintance, "that, if you were to confine your attention to your own horse and leave me to manage mine, it would be as well? Considering that I have hunted all my life, and you have never been out before, I imagine that I know rather more about it than you do. Be quite sure you don't fall off yourself at the first fence before you presume to give your uncalled-for instructions to me."

"I beg your pardon," said Kathleen quietly.

At that moment an old gentleman on a fine iron-gray horse rode up to Kathleen and raised his hat to her. This was no less a personage than the Duke of Cawthorn, for whom the master of the field had been waiting for the last ten minutes.

The Duke was a person who, wherever he went, commanded the utmost respect and consideration; an old Crimean hero, he had figured conspicuously in the Balaclava Charge, and had been wounded at the battle of the Alma.

When the Duke signified his intention of hunting, so great were the respect and the esteem with which he was regarded that it was the custom to await his arrival before starting the hounds on their work, as if he had been Royalty.

He was a very old gentleman, over five-and-seventy, and yet he was as upright as a dart and as fearless and keen a sportsman as if he had been thirty.

When he trotted up to the cross-roads, followed by his groom, he looked about him rapidly, and said to the master, Major De la Braitle—

"Is Lord Elwyn out to-day?"

"No, Duke; he has the gout very badly, I am sorry to hear. But his daughter is here."

"Ah, that is what I wanted to know! I want to welcome my old friend's daughter amongst us. Give me a moment, pray, that I may speak to her!" and then the old gentleman rode straight up to Kathleen.

"Miss Elwyn, you must allow an old friend of your father's and your grandfather's to introduce himself to you. I am sorry you father is not out himself to make us known to each other. I am very glad to see you amongst us at last, and I hope you will have a good day for your first ride with the North Chalkshire;" and then he shook hands with her.

Everybody heard this little speech, because the Duke spoke purposely rather loudly; and after he had spoken everybody knew for certain that there could be no doubt whatever as to the position which this hitherto unknown girl was to take amongst them.

There had been rumors about her—as to whether she was indeed Lord Elwyn's daughter—as to whether she should be received as such, or looked askance at as one whose origin was shrouded in mystery, an idea that had been much fostered by hints and innuendoes from her own step-mother; but, after that speech from the Duke of Cawthorn and the public recognition of her which it implied, nobody had any doubts at all about how she was to be regarded.

If so old a friend of her father's and so important a person as the Duke took her by the hand and welcomed her thus cordially, there could be nothing more said to her discredit, and all those stories about the "barmaid" who was her mother, and who might or might not have been Lord Elwyn's legal wife, could certainly be nothing at all but scandalous libels.

After that, a great many persons crowded up to her and claimed her acquaintance, and, in the midst of the little confusion that followed, the master gave the signal, and the hounds were drawn off in the direction of the covert.

It was at that moment that Kathleen, a little flushed and flattered by the unexpected manner in which she had been called into notice, suddenly caught sight of a face on the far edge of the crowd which sent the pretty bright color hurrying away from her cheeks, leaving them pale and gray as the winter landscape about her—a face shaded by rough dark locks, a heavy lowering brow, a coarse massive jaw, and sombre eyes with a sullen fire in them fixed upon herself.

The sight of him caused her to turn faint and cold. By what horrible fatality was it that Tom Darley, so long lost sight of and well-nigh forgotten, should turn up again upon the very first day of her return to her father's house?

"What a success you are having already, little Kathleen!" said a voice by her side. "Everybody is wanting to know you! Our great man the Duke has singled you out for special notice; the ladies are mad with envy of you, them are wild to know you! Why, even that glum-looking young farmer over there seems unable to take his eyes from you!"

Adrian was startled by the ashen pale face.

"For pity's sake, do not stop me!" she said in a frightened whisper. "Go away—do not speak to me!"

"Why, what is the matter? Why are you so pale?" he asked with much surprise.

She colored hotly, feeling how strangely her agitation must strike him, and realizing how impossible any explanation was to her.

For how could she say to Sir Adrian Deverell, "Your speaking to me arouses the jealousy of that farmer who is in love with me."

Instead of saying that, in her despair she said something else.

"If you talk to me like that, Lucille will not like it."

"Lucille! What does it matter what she likes? She cannot expect me to speak to no other woman on earth but herself!"

"Oh, do go!" she murmured a little confusedly.

They were cantering up the narrow lane together. He drew in his horse with a sudden air of offence and fell back from her side.

A pang shot through poor Kathleen's heart. How happy his kind playful words would have made her but for that lowering face that was watching them both.

"Now I have offended him!" she said to herself miserably; and by the pain which she felt at the thought she realized that she was as much in love with Miss Maitland's handsome lover as ever.

"He will not speak to me again all day," she thought sadly. "Yet better that by far than that Tom Darley should imagine him to be in any way to attentive to me!"—and she shuddered a little as the past came back to her memory.

By this time the whole field were grouped along the covert-side and the hounds were drawing silently and swiftly through the wood.

There were a few moments of anxious suspense. Kathleen looked about for the disturber of her happiness, but he was no longer near her; there was a considerable crowd of riders, and she could not see him anywhere.

The only acquaintance she could see was Colonel Elwyn, who was smiling and bowing to her from across a dozen riders who were grouped between them—he was evidently trying to make his way towards her; but before he could do so a sudden commotion arose, there was a murmur of canine throats deepening into a continuous bay, and then a loud cry from the farther side of the copse, "Gone away! Gone awa-a-a-y!"

A large fox broke through a gap in the fence, and the whole pack of hounds streamed out into the open in full cry after him across a wide grass field to the right. Away then rushed the crowd of riders down the slope of the hill, most of them making for the open gateway, where a block of horses soon made others go for the fence itself, a low straggling hedge full of gaps. Kathleen, forgetting all her fears and anxieties, urged her horse forward with the rest.

She heard Sir Adrian call back to her, "This way—follow me! Don't go for the gate, or you won't get a place!"—and she followed his lead blindly, and had soon taken her first fence in North Chalkshire in a fashion which gave her no anxiety as to her own or her horse's capability of getting safely across the country before her.

Prince, the horse on which she was mounted, was a splendid jumper, and was, moreover, a very fast goer. Soon Kathleen, somewhat to her own surprise and much to her delight, found herself far ahead of the majority of those who had started upon the run.

Prince sailed rapidly and easily with great long strides across the grass fields. His mistress was swung over the fences as though she had been in a rocking chair, the keen air fanned her cheeks into roses, the delight of the sport made her heart beat joyously. She was soon amongst the first flight, leaving all the stragglers and bad rides well away in the last field.

Just in front of her rode Sir Adrian Deverell; before him again was the Duke of Cawthorn; and the master and one of the whips were leading the field. Half turning back for a moment in her saddle, Kathleen could see only Colonel Elwyn close behind her, and, somewhat to her dismay, the sturdy figure of Tom Darley on his brown cob pounding heavily across the ploughed land behind.

There was nobody else to be seen, so that Kathleen was literally the first and only lady of the run.

Her heart beat with a little pardonable exultation at the fact. She was glad that Adrian should see that she could ride straightly and well, glad that the Duke of Cawthorn should learn that she was a daughter worthy of her father, and glad, above all things, that she had not realized Miss Maitland's kind prophecy and fallen off at the first fence. If only that dreaded young farmer were not there to see her as well!

"Perhaps he has forgotten all that silly affair of long ago," she said to herself; "or if he has not actually forgotten, no doubt sees plainly enough what an impossible and foolish idea it was that he should ever be able to marry me."

At the sight before her of the stiffest and biggest blackthorn fence which she had yet encountered, she straightway forgot Tom Darley and his pretensions in her intense anxiety not to disgrace herself, but to hold her own and get creditably into the next field.

She saw the old Duke go over lightly, the iron gray rising high in the air and his heels disappearing cleanly and neatly over the top.

Then Adrian made her a sign with his hand to follow his lead, and took the fence a little lower down; and she made at once for the same place.

Both men knew that blackthorn hedge very well as one of the stiffest in the whole country, and both instinctively turned round to see how Kathleen would surmount it. Sure of her animal and sure of her own courage, Kathleen set her teeth hard, dug her little heel into Prince's side, sat "as tight as wax," and came over the fence like a bird.

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted back the Duke, with a wave of the hand; and Adrian uttered not a word save a softly-muttered "Thank Heaven!" but Kathleen could see his face and the expression of his eyes, and that was enough for her.

Meanwhile, in the field behind, Colonel Elwyn and Tom Darley the farmer were nearing the fence one after the other, when a chestnut horse, tossing his head angrily from side to side and pulling madly at his rider, shot past them both with great violence. Sunbeam was nearly beyond Lucille's control, and it was evident that he was pulling tremendously.

"Hold hard, Miss Maitland—take a good pull at him, and go round by the gate at the bottom!" called out Colonel Elwyn as she flew by.

"Stop him, miss—you'll never get him over like that!" shouted the farmer too. "Take him down to the gate!"

There was a moment when Lucille could have followed the advice of both men. By one strong pull to the right she could have turned her horse and followed the more prudent course of going round by the gate, and, as she was by this time in a state of abject terror, she certainly would have done so sooner than go over that particular fence—but for one thing.

A moment before she had seen her rival sail over it easily and gaily, and she had heard the far-away applause of the Duke's "Bravo!"

Maddened by jealousy and envy, her common sense utterly forsook her. To think that Kathleen could get over that fence and she be ignominiously left behind to go round a quarter of a mile through a gate, and that under the very eyes of her lover, was a thing to which her proud and haughty spirit could never submit. She struck her animal violently, almost savagely, over the head.

Sunbeam, who was a hot-tempered horse at the best, and who had been tried past bearing ever since he had left the stable by the constant irritation of her fretting hands, sprang forward, blind with rage and anger, and Lucille lost all control over him.

There was a crash and a cry, a stumble forward into a muddy ditch, and then the chestnut picked himself up again beyond and dashed on riderless and head down, dragging Lucille, whose habit had got hung up on the stirrup, upon the ground behind him.

Then it was that, fortunately for her, Kathleen turned round and saw her. Without a moment's hesitation, she turned her horse suddenly to one side, and, cutting across Sunbeam's headlong course, managed dexterously to catch at the flying bridle and to stop him.

Sunbeam, snorting, panting, trembling in every limb, was jerked back almost on to his haunches, and, her habit thus becoming freed from the stirrup, Lucille rolled away from him and lay huddled up upon the grass.

"Are you hurt, Lucille? Great Heavens, are you hurt?" cried Kathleen, as soon as she could speak.

Miss Maitland raised herself slowly into a sitting position and looked about her. She was covered with mud from head to foot, her hat was battered in, and her face was scratched and dirty; but fortunately the ground was soft, and her hat had saved her head—also, the perilousness of her position had lasted so short a time, thanks to Kathleen's prompt and ready action, that, although bumped and bruised, she had not been seriously injured.

She was very much shaken and dreadfully frightened; but she was, almost miraculously, otherwise quite unhurt. Sir Adrian was already by her side, and yet his first words were addressed not to her, but to Kathleen.

"You have saved her life! That was splendidly done! Are you hurt, Lucille?"—and he proceeded to pour through her lips some whisky out of his little silver flask.

The spirit revived her. With his help, she struggled to her feet.

"I—I don't believe I've broken anything," she faltered. "Please, Adrian, take me home at once—I feel dreadfully shaken! Not on that brute"—looking at the chestnut with a shudder—"I must get up on yours."

Adrian proceeded to shift the saddles. Colonel Elwyn and Tom Darley, who had arrived on the scene, both helped; and then Adrian assisted his lady-love to a seat upon the edge of a small stream hard by, and dipped her handkerchief in the water for her to wash the stains from her face. But never a word of thanks or acknowledgment did she utter to the girl whose pluck and readiness had undoubtedly saved her life and her limbs.

"There is nothing more to be done," said Sir Adrian to the other persons who had figured in the little scene which might have ended so tragically. "Miss Maitland is, I am happy to say, quite unhurt: she is only shaken, and, when she has rested a little, I will take her home quietly. There is no occasion for anybody to stay. It is a pity you should lose the finish, Miss Elwyn. Colonel Elwyn will doubtless look after you. I am very much obliged to you all."

He spoke coldly and hardly, and his face was pale and almost angry. Her ingratitude was revolting to him; he could not meet Kathleen's eyes.

"Very well then, we had better get on," said the Colonel, who was glad to be released, "if you are quite sure you don't want us, Deverell. Come along, Miss Elwyn—we shall catch up the hounds yet, if we look sharp about it!"—and away they galloped across the meadows, Tom Darley following after them as closely as he could.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INQUISITIVE YOUTH.—Billy: "Just one more question, pa, and then I'll go to sleep."

Father: "Well, what is it?"

Billy: "When anybody pounds a knot out of a board, how can it leave a knot hole in the board when the knot whole is knocked out?"

Father (irritably): "Don't talk so foolishly, William."

Billy: "And supposing the whole knot not knocked out, how can the whole hole be there? To go just a little further, is a whole knot hole not a whole hole because—"

An ominous creaking of the paternal bedstead put an end to further speculation.

CAUGHT HIS DRIFT.—Judge (to prisoner upon whom he is about to pass sentence): "Do you ever think of your mother, sir?"

Prisoner (much affected): "Ye-es, your honor, but she's dead."

Judge (sympathetically): "I did not intend to hurt your feelings. I hope you will pardon me."

Prisoner (brightening): "Don't mention it, your honor. I hope you will pardon me."

Judge (catching his drift): "Don't mention it."

WORK HEARTILY.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

Is your life-work mean and humble,
All its outlook cramped and gray?
Do not stoop to fret and grumble;
Discontented pilgrims stumble
When no hindrance bars the way!

Though your task may seem a fetter
That would hands and heart control,
To your own lot you are debtor,
Day by day to make it better,
In undaunted strength of soul.

Though the humble "now" may prove you,
Higher service waits afar;
Courage! angels watch above you,
And the Father bends to love you,
And to bless you where you are.

Let that love your aims embolden,
With a smile your duties meet,
And the joy from none withholden
Soon shall make the dull life golden,
And the bitter task-work sweet!

MARGERY.

BY M. A. D.

CHAPTER III.

SUDDENLY she rose and began to walk up and down the room, her head bent, her hands twisting together. When Douglas had spoken of her sharing their home, she had seemed suddenly to see, for an instant, a vista of absolute torture opening before her. Why had it made her feel like that? Why did she feel now as if —— oh! what was it? What was it?. Could it be that she was jealous—jealous? That she cared so little for Douglas that there was anything dearer to her than his happiness?

She stopped as this thought came into her head, and trembled so that she sat down again on a chair which was close to her as she stood.

Douglas had been everything in the world to her. Douglas was "the happiest man in the world." He had told her so, and yet he felt like this!

What was it he had said to her?

"She loves me, Margery, and I—worship her."

Her worships her! Oh Douglas, Douglas, Douglas!

Her face quivered all over for a moment: two big tears rolled down the childish face, and then she slipped to the ground with her head buried on the chair, and sobbing as if her heart was broken.

The tears, agonized as they were, relieved her, and, as the sobs died away—one now and then, dull and low as a child's, shaking the little slender frame as it lay there prone and exhausted—she began to think again more calmly, her sweet, unselfish nature reasserting itself.

Not live with them! Why not? What was she thinking of? Douglas would be there just the same, and he might want something that she could do for him even though he had—a wife. Besides, he had told her that she must help to take care of his wife too.

Why, here was something at once that she could do for him. Take care of Douglas's wife! That meant that she must love Douglas's wife. Love her?

She rose to her feet as if something had stung her, and walking to the fire place, laid her arms on the mantelpiece, and rested her head on them.

Well, why not? She loved Douglas and Douglas would love his wife, so, of course, Margery must love her too.

She stood thus for a long time, her eyes closed, her forehead pressed against her hands.

When she lifted her head at last, her eyes were very large and bright, and her mouth sweet and firm. She walked straight across the room, and kneeling down by her bedside, she bowed her head gently and slowly on her clasped hands.

She had come to pray to Heaven to help her to love and take care of Douglas's wife.

* * * * * *

It was a chilly May evening, and a bright little fire was burning in one of the two fireplaces in the long drawing room of a country house in the north of England.

There was no other light in the room as yet, and the flickering flames threw strange shadows about, and danced merrily and waveringly on walls, carpet, hardly definable furniture, and on a little figure which was seated on the fender with hands clasped round her knees, and her head bent.

Margery had kept herself steadily to her needlework as long as the light lasted, but, as it died away, she had let her hands fall into her lap, almost unconsciously and had sat on, the needle still in her hand, musing.

By-and-by she had slipped from her chair down on to her favorite seat, the fender; and there she had sat for the last half-hour, almost motionless, gazing into the fire. She was half wondering, half-dreaming—wondering what the next few hours would bring her, dreaming of the life that lay before her.

She was in Douglas Hollis's house for the first time, and she was waiting for him to bring home his wife. She knew nothing of "Estelle," as Douglas had taught her to call her, beyond what she had seen on the wedding-day when she had been one of the bridesmaids.

Various circumstances had prevented their meeting before, and the three months that had elapsed since then had been spent by Douglas Hollis and his wife in Egypt. She was not forming resolutions as to her new life—she had done that already—she was not thinking of the different coming home she had pictured to herself during her school days; even at the moment of her solitary arrival she had crushed down any thought of that kind.

As she sat there so still, so gentle and sweet in attitude and expression, she was simply dreaming vague, endless dreams of how she would take care of Douglas Hollis's wife—and Douglas.

The entrance of a servant with lamps roused her at last, and she took up her work again as he put them about the room throwing a particularly bright light over those chairs and tables that were nearest the fire.

It was a pretty room, very pretty indeed, at first sight, and it looked its best under the soft, shaded lamplight. It was narrow and rather long, with the door at one end faced by a large bow window, and an entrance to a conservatory.

It was furnished in the Louis Seize style, and the quaint, straight-backed seats, with their rich brocade and inlaid woodwork, the tall palms, the lovely china, the quaint silver nicknacks, were perfect in their dainty freshness.

But there was a certain air of formal correctness over the whole—the chilly newness of a room that had not yet been lived in, of a room that seemed to be waiting for a mistress.

Only the radius over which the firelight danced, seemed to be warmed and brightened by something besides the hot coals and the lamps. The curly head bent over the lace pinafore which Margery was making for little Elsie Downing; the sweet, serious face, with cheeks slightly flushed, the eyes bright and shining, a little smile every now and then curving the lips, seemed to neutralize its immediate surroundings, and make them home-like.

She had sat there for another half hour, working with an industry which was, perhaps, a safety-valve for a certain irrepressible feeling of excitement that grew on her as time passed on, when the sudden sound of footsteps and voices in the hall, softened as they were by distance, made her start as if their subdued murmur had been a clap of thunder.

She rose with a little cry of joy, and was going to run out of the room when, all at once, her strength seemed to leave her body, and, icy cold and trembling from head to foot, she caught at the mantelpiece for support. Only for an instant though.

Almost before she had time to wonder at herself it had passed again, and, as Douglas Hollis opened the door and led his wife down the room, she ran towards them her hands outstretched, her eyes and cheeks even brighter than before.

"Welcome home, dear Estelle; Douglas, welcome home," she said.

"Thank you, little one; that is a pleasant word," replied he, as Estelle returned her kiss. "It is good to find you here to receive us; but I am afraid your own homecoming must have been a trifle dreary. I wish it could have been managed for you to meet us in London; but it seemed impossible."

"Oh, don't trouble about that. I was all right. I've only been longing for you to come, and I'm so glad to be here to welcome home the master and mistress. I am afraid Estelle is very tired. I can begin to take care of her at once, you see; may I?"

She turned to Estelle with something in her manner that was rather shy and appealing.

"Will you let me?" she said, looking at her wistfully, with the eyes that were more than ever like the eyes of a collie as she spoke. "There is nothing I want so much to do."

Estelle looked at her for a moment without answering.

She was a tall, slender, fair woman, very graceful in movement and pose, perfectly calm and self-possessed, and, then as she looked down into the eager, sensitive face raised to hers, they presented as sharp a contrast as could be found between woman and woman.

But, as she looked, something in the beseeching eyes seemed to touch Estelle. Her cold face softened, and she said, in the low, clear, beautifully-modulated voice which had helped to charm away her husband's heart:

"Take care of me? You want to take care of me?"

"Yes," said Margery. "You will let me. I mean, you will let me help Douglas?"

She put out her hand a little timidly—Estelle was so very still—and took the hand on which the wedding-ring was shining.

At her soft, entreating touch the blue eyes into which she looked changed altogether, and Estelle stooped and kissed her.

"Thank you," she said.

"That's all settled, then," said Douglas, who had looked on with a certain air of anxiety, and now spoke in a tone in which there was the faintest possible ring of relief.

"Margery will have her heart's desire, now! But she is quite right, my darling; you do look dreadfully tired. Dinner is what you want. Shall we go and get ready at once?"

She turned to him as he spoke—the feeling that had touched her face for an instant gone from it again—and answered him carelessly:

"Perhaps it will be."

Then, as he took from her the cloak which she had picked up from the chair, on to which she had let it fall, with a tender smile and a gesture that was almost a caress, she said merely "Thank you," with a hardly perceptible answering smile, and passed on by his side out of the room.

"Now, this is what I call jolly," exclaimed Douglas Hollis, a little later, as they seated themselves at the dinner-table.

Estelle—looking lovelier than ever, Margery thought, in her green velvet dinner-dress—made no reply, and Margery said, with a laugh:

"Which, Douglas? Dinner, your own house, or your company?"

"All three," he answered in the same tone; "only you've put them in the wrong order. My company comes first, of course, and dinner last; but the last is by no means unimportant, as you would know, if you had no meal to speak of since eight o'clock this morning, and had been living for three months in a comparatively uncivilised country! Well, little one," he went on, "what's the news? How are the Downings?"

"Very well, all of them, and madly excited about the wedding."

"Ah, yes; of course they would be. When is it to be, did you say?"

"Next month—the thirtieth. They have had the loveliest presents. One of Alice's aunts gave her a piano the other day, and Basil has had a drawing-room carpet and the silver, a splendid dinner-service—oh, quantities of things. The bridesmaids' frocks were the great excitement when I came away. Minnie and Alice never meet you without producing various small scraps of material for inspection and approval."

"And is it settled about Will?"

Margery colored.

"Yes," she said, in rather a low voice. "He goes to Canada directly the wedding is over. They are so sorry about it."

Estelle had not yet spoken a word, and now, after a moment's pause, Margery turned to her and said:

"Did you find Egypt as uncivilised as Douglas seems to have done? What did you think of it?"

The question did not seem to interest Estelle in the least, and she answered indifferently:

"I did not mind the absence of civilization."

Neither the words nor the tone were encouraging to the growth of an infant conversation, and Margery felt disconcerted. She stole a look at Douglas.

His eyes, in which she had never yet seen any deeper feeling than kindliness and good temper, were fixed upon his wife with a look of longing, questioning pain, which must have risen in them suddenly, as he turned them on her, for it had certainly not been there when Margery met them the moment before.

Startled, and almost disbelieving her own eyes, she turned instinctively and looked, as he was looking at, Estelle. She was sitting with one elbow on the table, her smooth, pale cheek supported on her beautiful hand, her eyes fixed on the bread which she was crumbling in the other hand.

Every line of her face and figure expressed weariness and indifference. A subtle shock ran through Margery. What was it? Why did they look like that?

With an instinctive desire to make a change of some kind, she said hastily and inconsequently:

"What a lovely place this is! I had no time, to-day, to explore beyond the garden; but I am longing for to-morrow, that I may go about."

Unconsciously fearing the effect of another indifferent reply from Estelle, she she did not actually refer to her again, but went on, addressing no one in particular.

"I passed a wood on my way up from the station, that looked too tempting. Of course, you could not see to-night; but the ground *was* regularly carpeted with wild-flowers. It seemed like fairy-land to a wretched little Cockney like me!"

As she spoke, the look that had so startled her vanished from Douglas's eyes as suddenly as it had sprung into them. He made some trivial answer, in his usual cheery, kindly manner, and the rest of the dinner-time passed away in talk of the same kind, Estelle joining in it very seldom, and then with an absolutely uninterested tone and manner.

But she was, evidently, very tired, and although Margery fancied still that there was something curiously uncertain and troubled in Douglas's attitude towards his wife, she began to persuade herself that the sudden shock she had received was the result of her imagination only.

She looked at Douglas anxiously, as he sat in the full light of the lamp in the drawing-room afterwards. Estelle had gone to the piano, and was playing softly—more to herself, it seemed, than to them—and he was looking, not at her, but at the carpet at his feet. Margery was sitting a little behind him.

She could see only the outline of his face, but, as she watched him, a feeling crept over her that he was changed—vaguely, undefinably, but certainly changed.

Now that he was in repose, there was something about him that she had never seen before, something patient, grave, sad.

As the conviction grew on her, Margery felt a sudden agonizing pain shoot through her heart, as if an icy clutch had suddenly tightened round it. Something had hurt him; he was in pain—Douglas! She must do something for him; she could not bear to see him look like that.

For a moment the impulse to go to him and beseech him to let her help him, was almost overwhelming, and before she had recovered herself Estelle had risen from the piano, which stood at the farther end of the room, and advanced into the brighter light in which they were sitting, and Douglas, as if roused by her movement, rose too, with the same sudden and absolute change of manner which had reassured her at dinner.

"I wonder how our new neighbors will turn out?" he asked, as he stood before the fire, looking tenderly at his wife. "They told me that the people at the house on the hill were nice—a mother and two sons, I think; but they are spending the summer abroad, I believe."

"That big house with the beautiful garden, do you mean?" said Margery. "It, somehow, looks as if nice people lived there."

"You ridiculous child," replied Douglas, smiling at her. "That is just like one of your fancies. 'Nasty' people are quite as likely as nice people to have their garden properly attended to, and their houses painted, and so forth, when it is necessary. And I suppose it is only the outside of Holmes from which you have judged."

Margery laughed. She was quite used to having her fancies "jeered at," as she said, and never objected to the process. But Estelle said:

"I understand what she means, perfectly well; and I also understand that it seems to you absurd."

He had turned towards her quickly, when she began to speak, and as she finished, with a slight touch of scorn in her voice, he smiled at her wistfully. She went on:

"Now, on our way to-night, we passed a cottage on the side of a hill, about half a mile away—at least it did not seem to be more than a cottage, though there was, apparently, a good deal of garden. I could only see the outline and the lights in the windows and yet, as we went slowly up the hill, I felt perfectly certain that nice

people did not live there—that nasty people did."

"That cottage?" said her husband. "I remember. Garden Cottage they call it. It was empty when we came down to see the house; but I noticed to-night that there were lights in the window, as you say. I wonder who lives there?"

"I wonder, too," said Estelle.

It was her first expression of interest in her new home and its surroundings, and Douglas answered it with an eager gladness that seemed rather disproportionate to the occasion.

"It is very easy to find out the name, at least," he said. "The servants are sure to know. I will ring and ask."

"It is of very little consequence, after all," said Estelle.

Her voice had lost the ring of indifference, and he rang the bell.

"Do you know the name of the people at Garden Cottage, James?" he asked the man who answered it. "When was it taken?"

"The gentleman came down two days ago, sir. It was left to him, I believe, by the lady as it belonged to. She never lived there herself, sir. The gentleman's name, sir? His name is—what is it now? Bailey? No, it ain't Bailey. It's not a common name, sir, and it has slipped my memory for the moment. Baxerley—that's it, sir. Baxerley."

"Baxerley!" repeated Douglas. "No, it's not a common name. Is he going to live here altogether?"

"Only for the summer, sir, they say. It's a little bit of a cottage, sir; but the grounds is lovely."

"Ah!" said Douglas. "You can go, James."

Then, as the man quickly left the room, he added:

"Well, Mr. Baxerley is our nearest neighbor for the summer, at least, so I hope your presentiment as to his character may be mistaken, Estelle."

But Estelle's interest in the subject seemed to have died out with the gratification of her momentary curiosity.

"Perhaps," she said, "I am tired. I will go to bed, I think."

CHAPTER IV.

"IT'S A dreadful trial, certainly, and the worst of it is, that it is only number one!"

Margery spoke merrily. The dreadful trial in question did not apparently weigh heavily on her spirits; and Douglas Hollis, to whom she had addressed her remark, retorted, with a burlesque of indignant gloom:

"It is all very well for you, young woman; you don't appreciate its horrors now as you will to-night. You didn't see the Camdens when they called, and you are altogether in a state of blissful ignorance as to what is before you."

Breakfast was just over, and he was standing by the open window, on the low sill of which Margery had perched herself, while she scattered some crumbs on the outside for the birds.

The sun was streaming into the room, and through the window the green lawn, the far-off woods, and the bright blue sky made a pretty little picture, framed in the softly-moving leaves of the creeper, which grew round abundantly and peeped into the room.

They had been settled at Orchard Court for three weeks now, and the event in question was the first of a series of dinner-parties given in honor of the new-comers by the old inhabitants of the neighborhood.

It was an eminently respectable and cautious neighborhood, and the news of the arrival of the "new people" had called forth an impulsive gush of welcome. In the opinion of the inhabitants of Hackley, it was impossible to be too careful in admitting strange people into the sacred circle of Hackley society; and, until the Orchard Court people had given satisfactory proofs of their fitness for the honor, none but the most formal advances must be made them.

The heads of society had called in a stiff and stately fashion; Mrs. Douglas Hollis had, after a due interval, returned the calls, and, those preliminaries having been satisfactorily concluded, Mrs. Camden, the leader of Hackley fashion, pronounced in favor of the new-comers, and proceeded to seal her verdict by issuing invitations for a large and solemn dinner-party, which was to give them a footing in the neighborhood for ever after.

Unfortunately the satisfaction was all on one side. The social authorities found the Hollises "really quite nice people;" the young people, who were, strange to say, an uninfluential minority at Hackley, thought them "most charming," though both sections were a little awed by Mrs. Hollis's beauty, and her cold unresponsive manner.

But the objects of the approbation did not in the least reciprocate it. The house was charming, the country delightful, but the people were hopelessly and undeniably dull; and it occurred to Margery several time that she had really never before understood how much pleasant neighbors contributed to the happiness of life.

She never allowed herself to wonder whether it was quite fair to lay upon her surrounding all responsibility for the fact to which she tried in vain to shut her eyes—the fact that the days passed very slowly at Orchard Court; that bed-time was watched for, and eagerly welcomed.

She had taken Estelle to her faithful, affectionate heart with the kiss with which she had welcomed her home; and after that first evening, when she had been startled and distressed by a sense of indefinable pain in the atmosphere which she expected to find one of radiant happiness and content, she had unconsciously but resolutely declined to acknowledge anything but what she had expected to find in the life about her.

It was a great pity, of course, that there were no amusing people about; no families that they could possibly wish to know well; nothing whatever to look forward to in that way.

Of course, Estelle was a little—well, not bored, nobody could be bored with Douglas—just a little dull now and then. She had been used to such a bright life—people always coming in and out, dances; boating-parties; all kinds of things always going on.

Oh, of course it was a change for her! It was all very well for herself, she had never been used to that kind of life, and she was always happy in the country; but it was very different for Estelle.

Estelle was still sitting at the breakfast-table, looking listlessly over her letters. She had not joined Douglas in his groanings, nor had she seconded Margery in her mock attempts at consolation.

Margery never acknowledged to herself how large a part of their conversation fell to their share; never knew how often silence would have fallen upon them but for her always bright and ready chatter; never even suspected that when Estelle was drawn for a moment into their talk it was by their influence alone.

Estelle was quiet, and she was a chatterbox, and Douglas———but when Margery found herself watching or thinking of Douglas now, she always stopped herself and turned to something else.

She finished sprinkling her crumbs in spite of Douglas's assurances that it was merely pauperising the birds to feed them in the summer, and then returned to the subject of the dinner.

"I wonder whether we shall meet the new-comer, Mr. Baxerley? I wonder whether he finds Hackly society as heavy as we do? It would be consoling to compare notes. It is strange that we have never met him about, living so near. Don't you think so, Estelle?"

Estelle raised her head wearily.

"Don't think what, dear?" she said. "I didn't hear?"

She rose as she spoke, and, walking to the other window, stood there looking out, while she said:

"I think it was a great mistake to come and live in the country."

Before Margery could utter the laughing rejoinder with which she was always ready, Douglas had walked up to his wife and, putting his hand very gently on her, said:

"Would you be happier in town Estelle? It was your wish when at Ventnor—that we should live in the country. You told me you were tired of society life."

She did not move. The hand he held lay passive and irresponsive in his hold, and she answered, listlessly:

"Was it? Yes, I dare say. I've changed my mind, I suppose."

"Shall we go to London in the winter—or, abroad? Or would you like to go away at once? What would you like Estelle? Tell me!"

His fingers tightened round the passive hand he held, and she disengaged them as he finished, and drew a little away as she said:

"I really have very little feeling on the subject. We may as well pass the summer here, I suppose."

Margery had turned her head away, and she did not see the look of reproachful longing and the gesture of uncomprehending pain with which Douglas Hollis turned away.

But the silence which followed struck her as peculiar, and with the dislike of such silences which had become instinctive with her during the last three weeks, she slipped off her seat on the window-ledge, and said:

"Is all we go out, Estelle? It is a shame to waste this lovely morning. If Douglas's dreary forebodings are to be realised to-night, we may as well prepare ourselves for the ordeal by a nice day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROYAL TROUSSEAU.—The trousseau which was presented by the Empress of Russia to her niece, the Princess Royal of Greece, was of extraordinary magnificence. The Princess provided the bonnets herself, but the trousseau included everything else. The wedding dress was made after the style of all Russian Court gowns, the entire train, several yards long, being of a wonderful cloth of silver manufactured at Moscow, and worked all over in silver also with a magnificent highly raised embroidery.

It was cut low at the neck, with wide, long sleeves to the wrist, where they were narrowed, and fastened, being open, however, from the shoulder to display the arm, and edged with a tiny ruching of white swansdown. Another Court gown was of Royal-blue velvet, and with the same wonderful embroidery, only of gold roses and trails of leaves and buds.

Among the evening gowns was one from Worth—a pale salmon-pink silk and tulle, with a remarkable arrangement of asters of the same hue and green leaves. A deep salmon-pink with heavy ruchings of silk frayed at the edges was very beautiful. So was another pink, with exquisite tulle trimmings and pearl embroidery, and still another pink of rich sheeny satin, made plain in front, with a baby bodice and wide sash of the same material as the dress, was lovely.

The undergarments, which were all of Russian manufacture, were made of the finest lawn, and heavily trimmed with lovely Valenciennes—in fact, nothing could be more beautiful or more dainty, and of everything there were a dozen dozen, even to the dressing jackets, all being ornamented with beautiful insertions of the lace and dainty butterfly knots of various colored ribbons.

Besides every possible article of wearing apparel, there were travelling dressing-cases of silver, one holding all the numberless trifles necessary for a lady's toilet, with a handsome oval-shaped mirror reposing on the blue velvet lining, and with a drawer underneath which when opened disclosed a toilet basin and jug, with numerous little soap dishes, all of silver; the second case containing the silver spirit lamp for heating water, a tea and coffee pot, and hot water jug, all of silver. The cost of this trousseau is said to have been $150,000.

REAL COFFEE.—Few persons, we venture to say, know what genuine coffee is like, and what a delicious and healthful beverage it constitutes. It is mostly sold mixed with chicory, and, it is said, other things cheaper than chicory; and such coffee mixtures contain so little coffee that it is not justifiable to call them by that name. It may be said that buyers can guard themselves against such practices by purchasing the berry whole and grinding it for themselves. This is commonly done in well-ordered households; but the great majority of coffee drinkers will not take the trouble to do so, or are often so situated that they are unable to do so. But even here the fraudulent trader steps to render such a precaution abortive, for he manufactures the berries themselves in a manner so true to nature that they are difficult of detection. According to a German chemical journal, this nefarious industry is carried on by certain firms in Cologne, where the artifical beans are made by machines devised for the purpose. The material of which they are compounded is burnt flour or meal, but they can be distinguished from genuine coffee by the circumstance that they sink when immersed in ether, whereas the true coffeeberry will float in that liquid.

ALTHOUGH milk is on an average about 87½ per cent. water, it really does not satisfy thirst when used as a drink. It may at first seem satisfactory, but as the milk coagulates and digestion begins, the heat of the stomach is raised and a feverish thirst comes on. Professor Johnson says the temperature in the calf's stomach often rises to 104 degrees. The young of all animals as well as children, crave pure cold water. It will often stop the crying of a child.

Scientific and Useful.

PAINLESS TOOTH EXTRACTOR.—An electrical instrument has been invented which is designed to remove the pain incidental to the extraction of the teeth. It consists of adjustable, connected prongs carrying buttons and connected with an electric battery, the buttons being placed on the face over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit established the moment the tooth-extracting instrument touches the tooth to be removed.

FIRE GUARD.—An improved Fire-guard consists of a curtain of flexible wire-netting which rolls like a blind in front of the fireplace, and which when not in use rolls up in a space provided for it underneath the mantelpiece and is quite out of sight. The utility of this invention for protecting ladies and children from those lamentable accidents which have so often occured is obvious, and the invention is likely to meet with very wide adoption by those who are careful to take advantage of such precautions against accidents.

THE LIFE OF SHOES.—An observing Westerner finds that rest even lengthens the life of shoes. He used to wear out four pairs a year; but now, by "resting them and a monthly application of vaseline," they last him twice that time. He says: "I give each pair one day of work and two days of rest, and the leather has time to regain its elasticity and stretch out the wrinkles the foot has made. These wrinkles become breaks in the leather when the shoe is continuously worn. The vaseline is better than any oil for fine leather."

FOR PRODUCING ELECTRICITY.—A very simple apparatus for obtaining an electric spark is made by a German physicist. Round the centre of a common lamp chimney is pasted a strip of tin foil, and another strip pasted from the end of the chimney to within a quarter of an inch of this ring. Then a piece of silk is wrapped around a brush, and the interior of the chimney is rubbed briskly. In the dark a bright electric spark may be seen to pass from one piece of tin foil to the other each time the brush is withdrawn from the chimney. Many other experiments can be tried with this apparatus.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP AND CATTLE.—Sheep should not be compelled to feed at the same rack with cattle. They are liable to be hooked, and vicious ram may sometimes do injury to cattle.

HOES.—A hoe for use in the garden requires as much care as a scythe that is used for cutting grass. It should be sharp enough to cut off the roots of all kinds of weeds, and should have so good a polish that it can be moved through the soil without much exhibition of strength.

STRAW.—By all means stack your straw. If you do not need it you can sell it to your neighbor. It is valuable for bedding your stock, and will be a great saving of hay if you keep it on hand at your stables. Besides this, it furnishes nice bedding and some feed for your stock that are not stabled.

DEHORNING.—There is no necessity for dehorning a cow. If she is vicious it is safer and better to get rid of her rather than to attempt to lessen her opportunities of doing injury. Only the cows of gentle disposition should be used in the dairy business. The hornless cattle are capable of doing damage when they are so inclined, and removing the horns from a vicious animal is no security against injury.

THE RICH EARTH.—Do not make the earth in the boxes and flower-pots too rich. All plants protected during the winter by setting them on a stand in a warm room, such as geraniums, should not make heavy growth, but be kept in good condition for slipping, as the spring and summer is the proper season for having them to perfection. The mealy bug must be guarded against when the plants are kept in a warm atmosphere.

BORROWING.—A cautious writer contends that it does not pay to borrow money in order to purchase more land. It is an old truth that "an acre of land has no limit to its productive capacity." The true farmer prefers a small farm well tilled. The manure that is spread on two acres will give better results if applied to one acre, while the cost of tillage will be less. No farmer can afford to buy more land until he has brought up that already in his possession to the very highest degree of fertility.

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Home and at Home.

How to make it "sweet home," that is the question. Not dull, or sour, or bitter, as many homes are, but our "ain fireside," the place that has no place like it—this is what we all want it to be.

If one could fly over the house tops, like the man in the story, and unroof them to peep in, or if a true census could be taken, we should find that for most people "home, sweet home" is only an abstract idea, not a matter of experience.

Leaving unhappy families out of the question, peaceful folks in general consider their home as the place where they do as they like, and get food, rest and shelter. It never occurs to them that it is sweet.

They hanker after a new one, or for some possible change. And several other places seem to be not only like it but much better than it.

We want to get "home, sweet home" out of the abstract and into the concrete. The popular notion of it, as a vague state of life, is taken from fanciful pictures and verses.

These represent home as a holiday house, where the children are making a perpetual rush upon a returning father, and where the family sit in a fireside circle with nothing to do except to share the frugal meal—it is always frugal with the poets.

But even this deals only with evening amusement; and it is not always evening any more than it is always May; moreover, the children have to be sent to bed, and the women "may sing too often and too long."

As regards the other descriptions sometimes there are no little ones to make welcome with the poetic scrubble, sometimes there is nobody to be rushed upon—or at least that pretty scene cannot go on all day.

The fireside circle is a bad suggestion when one is eating ice and trying to get cool.

Life is not story and song, but is often made of tiring tasks, vexatious details; and lastly, one is not satisfied with the frugal meal, except in print.

In fact, the typical description is not able to stand close scrutiny; and hence the ideal home is supposed to be a vague enviable thing, about which common mortals need not trouble themselves.

A great mistake; for though the poetic description becomes weak and almost grotesque when looked at closely, it is still in a sense good and true; for it is like the artist's cartoon, daubed broadly to give the general coloring; and the general coloring of home is the spirit of love and contentment, which these poor words and symbols of the poets have tried to represent.

Now, what is necessary for a happy home?

With a suitable dwelling-place and prudent management, it is easy enough to solve the problem of how to make home sweet.

First as to the house—it ought to be healthy, bright and sufficiently spacious. Then as to the management—it includes the practice of rule and order and the right use of income. Of course the important question of income is a factor in the ideal home.

Turning next to the character of the home circle, we imagine them to be the ordinary God fearing and law-abiding folk who form the bulk of our population.

The household will be sustained at its best by three simple qualities—virtues in the strict sense of the word, because exercises of strength—home virtues, common things of every day, like necessary water, salt, or bread.

These three are good temper, cheerfulness and energy.

The house has been described specially with a view to their preservation. Health, brightness and sufficient space make it easier to foster these good gifts.

The opposite conditions in a house will give the opposite results; the unhealthy home, gloomy and uncomfortable, produces ill temper, dejection and languor.

But, given the suitable dwelling place and the sensible management, good temper, cheerfulness and energy can more easily be cultivated.

In a character they rise together, parts of one growth, like the three flowers on a lily stock.

They are very necessary to enable us to conquer and put out of sight the small vexations of every day; still more needed are they in the critical times of anxiety, the visitations of sorrow, against which no roof can protect, no door can be barred.

Mutual good-temper, cheerfulness and energy are a triple strength, making the family brave in passing trials, and absolutely independent of those trifling troubles that spoil peace and take the poetry out of life.

Cultivating, then, these three splendid qualities, the home circle find in sufficient and interested occupation a healthy appetite for the times of rest and union and amusement.

Idleness means discontent, and work apart means joy together.

Amusement is necessary to complete home life. Remember its evenings are to be the safeguard of the young folks from wishing to wander; its innocent gaieties are to be the brightest picture in the children's memory for ever after.

There is one thing, and that perhaps the chief thing, still to be added to our ideal home. The sweetness of it is the sweetness of the woman who is its reigning spirit.

She does more than reign, and she is more to it than a queen to a kingdom.

In the "sweet home" there is always a woman who is its centre and its soul. A great deal, if not everything, depends on her.

What can be a greater triumph to a woman's heart than to have created "home, sweet home!" And it is woman's privilege to create out of common things and daily life that earthly paradise.

A PERSON may appear condescending and humble, to those who are willing to give him the right hand of fellowship, and who, for that reason, he esteems his inferiors; he may also exchange marks of respect with respectable characters, because, if slighted by such, his own might be brought into question: but to discover the real state of a man's mind, let another rise into distinction above him—let him be slighted, or fairly foiled in argument; and then if he remains unmortified and unruffled, we may conclude that he pursues truth for its own sake, and not to gratify his vanity.

BY a conformity to wrong things, in custom or manners, many persons, otherwise valuable, have abridged their usefulness in the community. They seem not to be aware, that almost every thing we do has a consequential influence, for or against the cause of virtue; that it is like casting a weight into one scale or the other, of a suspended balance;—and that the consciousness of its effect on our own minds, is correspondently weakening, or confirming.

PHILOSOPHERS, more intent on the acquisition of knowledge than of moral improvement, are like a person who uses the telescope for the discovery of distant objects, more than the microscope, which is adapted to those within his reach: they seek that satisfaction abroad, which after all, is only to be found at home.

A PERSON of an impatient and unforgiving disposition is under many disadvantages besides that of making himself and those around him continually uncomfortable; for, let his faults be what they may, pride hinders him from perceiving them, and few of his acquaintance choose to tell him of them in a manner that would do him good for fear of being ever after treated as enemies; so that this description of people mostly go through life strangers to the balmy blessings of true friendship, and dreaded and shunned by all.

IT will generally be found that what a man saves or gains by an act of injustice, he ultimately loses, by lessening the disposition of kindness toward himself, either in the person he has injured, or in those who are witnesses of the injury; to say nothing of the effect of the guilt on his own mind, which may be embittered by reflection even after he repents of the fault, especially if it be then out of his power to repair it.

A MAN under false biasses may judge amiss, and palliate or excuse an act of injustice in himself towards others; yet when others do precisely the same thing to him, he finds little difficulty in seeing and pronouncing it to be wrong. And why is he so much clearer-sighted in the latter than in the former case, but because the obstructions that blinded his judgment are removed?

THE thirst after knowledge, which distinguishes the rational from the brute creation, is allowed to be a satisfactory proof of the immortality of the soul; and when it is subjected to the instruction of divine Wisdom, having truth for its object, it is the means whereby the mind becomes convinced of the true end of our Being in this world, and of enlarging its capacity for the felicity of the next.

IT is better to be suspected when we are innocent, than to pass unsuspected, when we are guilty. Virtue is a fortress which suspicion may assail; but it must be the fault of the garrison, if the enemy enter and raise a tumult: yet though unjust suspicion be unworthy of notice, its attacks may serve to excite care, and prevent the assailant taking us by surprise.

RECOMMENDATORY encomiums on the grace of humility are sometimes very consolatory and instructive, but there seems to be no subject we meddle with on which we are more liable to err in judgment than on this. He who recommends humility to another, if he does it with propriety, must possess a greater degree than the person he addresses.

WERE men but convinced, that the malevolence they feel is altogether their own, and that if it were once subdued in themselves, the malevolence of others could not essentially harm them; they might see the absurdity of expecting to overcome evil by evil, and cease from worrying and destroying each other.

SLANDERERS will sooner discover many spots on the garments of others than on their own; but the cruel disposition they indulge generally produces its own punishment by drawing the scrutinizing eyes of others upon themselves, and exposing faults which otherwise might have escaped detection.

A DUCTILE metal loses in solidity what it gains by extension. That mode of expression which conveys our ideas of things in the fewest words is the most perfect; even as the ground which, from the smallest space, produces the greatest quantity of the necessaries of life, is most profitable.

WHEN vicious habits have been so long indulged as to get from under the control of reason they obtain a despotic power; no longer pleading for gratification in the hesitating language of dependants, but demanding it.

BEWARE of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

PRIDE is a most pernicious vice, and the more to be dreaded as we are strongly inclined to it by nature.

The World's Happenings.

A Maine man has raised a blue pig.

The European trowel is like a mortar hoe.

A machine makes a pair of shoes in 20 minutes.

A New York architect charged $5,000 for furnishing a bed-room.

Competition has brought down beer in Cincinnati to 3 cents a glass.

An Indiana sheriff chained a locomotive to the track until a bill was paid.

In France laborers work 11 and 12 hours a day, and have half a day off on Sunday.

A guest at an Akron, O., hotel got up in his sleep and threw his watch out of the window.

Two Hebrews own the site of ancient Babylon, where their ancestors were captives and slaves.

The electrical light on the Eiffel Tower, Paris, is reported to be visible at Orleans, 69 miles distant.

The policemen of England and Wales, if brought together, would form a great army. They number 37,236.

An exciting lion hunt in a sewer took place in Birmingham, England, lately. The lion had escaped from a circus.

A Wheeling, W. Va., boy dreamed he was Jack, the Giant Killer, and punched his sleeping brother in the eye.

A home for waifs, which takes neglected boys from the streets and gives them a home and a trade, has been opened in Chicago.

An Ohio church elder has been arrested, charged with robbing his neighbor's hen-coop. He claims that he only took his own hens.

A gray headed citizen of Deerfield, Mich., brags that he has never paid a lawyer a cent, a preacher a quarter, or a doctor a dollar.

Winter jewelry, in the shape of diamond-studded toboggan lace-pins and variegated gold snow-shoes, is beginning to make its appearance.

Germany has the most complete military system in the world, and all its fortresses communicate with central points by means of carrier pigeons.

It is calculated that 60,000 gallons of wine are drunk at the communion tables of the various religious bodies in America every year. All the wine contains alcohol.

Ninety two and sixty-eight were the respective ages of a couple married in Marlborough, N. H., recently. It was the groom's fourth marriage, and the bride's second.

In Litchfield, Conn., recently, John Porter, a blind man, met Henry Singleton, a colored man, whom he had met once during the war 25 years ago, and knew him at once by his voice.

A French Canadian has been travelling through Maine in a cart drawn by three dogs, two at the pole and one as leader. A Lewiston man matched his horse against the team and was beaten.

A bar, billiard hall and smoking room are in an annex to a Baptist church at Wolverhampton, England. Non-intoxicants only are sold—ecclesiastical milk-shakes, so to say. The idea is to reach out for the boys.

It is proposed to bring in a bill at the next session of the British Parliament to put a restraint on improvident marriages, the greater proportion of such marriages being made by those under 25 years of age.

The trial of J. Frank Collom, of Minneapolis, for forgery will prove one of the most famous in the annals of Minnesota. His victims are defending him, so as to prove there were no forgeries and that their paper is good.

Judge Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, drops a nickel into the hat of every beggar that he meets. He admits that many of them are undeserving, but adds that all of them are to be pitied. Hence the nickels.

A Frankfort mathematician, Dr. Bein, calculates that two men playing dominoes ten hours a day and making four moves a minute could continue 118,000,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total number of which is 284,526,211,840.

The average expense at Yale per year has been for each freshman, $782.26; sophomore, $831.34; junior, $864.17, and senior, $819.70. The largest expense reported for any one man was $2,000 for the year, although it is believed that there were some who got away with a little more than that amount.

A most distinguished statistician has discovered that the wars of the last 25 years on the face of the globe cost 2,250,000 lives, exclusive of mortality from sickness. The three most destructive wars were: Our civil war, loss to both sides, 400,000; the Crimean war, 750,000, and the Turco-Russian war, 250,000.

The report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics shows that the number of immigrants arrived at the ports of the United States from the principal countries, except Canada and Mexico, during the nine months of the present year ended September 30, was 330,108, showing a decrease of 103,039 as compared with the corresponding last year.

A crazy man took up a position on a street corner in New York, on a recent night, and struck with his fist at every person who passed him. He soon had the pavement to himself, and he remained in possession of it until an officer appeared. He struck the policeman, and not until the man's arms were tied with a rope was he taken to the station-house.

Some Boston men, learning of an adult man skeleton in Australia who weighed but 34 pounds, combined in a speculation to bring him to this country for exhibition. They gave him $500 bonus, and a third interest in the receipts, and put him on shipboard for England. Sea air, change of food, etc., began to fatten him, and when he arrived in London he weighed 130 pounds.

BUT ONE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

In all this world of men there is but one
Can hold the heart of me;
In whose dear eyes I do my spirit sun,
And then art he!

There is but one in all this world of men
The soul of me can stir;
Thou art the man! again, and yet again,
I do aver!

But one in all this world of men there is
Upon whose love I lean;
But one who thrills me with his clinging kiss,
'Tis thou, I ween!

In Fairyland.

BY A. T. R.

IS there a spot in this workaday world where Titania and Oberon, and their airy train, still holds revels beneath the moon? Are Pease-blossom and Mustard-seed to be met with by mortals in nooks where sweet musk-roses and eglantine bloom?

These graceful elves are, we fear, no longer in any of their ancient haunts, but a near relation of theirs, Puck the clumsy, Puck the mischievous, has always loved Irish cabins and cold whinney knowes among Irish mountains.

He does not disdain to warm his ungainly limbs beside turf-fires, or to satisfy his hunger with coarse fare; and by these humble hearths, and upon these bleak hills, we have lately discovered traces of him.

The reader will be surprised to learn that he lingers in the County Londonderry—one of the most civilized regions in the north of Ireland—and may be encountered in the mountainous districts that lie between Glandy and Dungiven.

The present writer has lately collected the following fairy-tales in the above-mentioned districts. The narrators were small farmers and laborers, and in every case they seemed to believe the stories they told.

Some of the stories relate to a period removed from the present day by a lifetime; others to events alleged to have taken place only a few years ago. Let us premise that the Irishman's fairy is terribly afraid of iron, for what reason we have been unable to discover.

The first anecdote we shall give—Mary's door-key, tells of an adventure which occurred to the narrator's grand-aunt.

Mary and Niel Doolan were a most exemplary couple; they had been married for more than three years without having had a single disagreement, much less a regular quarrel.

Mary was very pretty, and very sweet-tempered; and clever enough for Niel. It was no sorrow to him that she could neither read nor write, for he was uneducated himself; but if she had not made good butter, and laid out her half-pence economically, he would then have had something to say.

They had no children, and they were very thrifty, so they lived comfortably, and were saving money. Niel had a horse of his own which he hired out to farmers in the neighborhood, and Mary spun yarn. It was a pretty sight to see her seated at her wheel on the threshold of her house on summer evenings, her fair hair appearing from beneath a scarlet handkerchief, and her shapely bare foot on the treadle.

As she lived by the roadside, on the highway to Limavaddy, numbers of people were familiar with her charms; she had a wide circle of acquaintances, and a cheery greeting for all—indeed, she greeted strangers of whose very names she was ignorant, just as pleasantly as if they had been old neighbors.

On a certain May evening, she sat crooning an old ballad over her spinning, when a group of low-set people drew near, and stood watching her, but a little out of her sight.

The traffic on the road had ceased, and if anyone had observed the group he would have thought that a party of village-children were listening to Mary's song. But the low-set people had old, quaint faces; they were very unlike children.

They chatted and laughed in low tones, and pointed at Mary. After standing there for some time, they went down the valley of the Burnies, and disappeared among the hazels and birches of the thicket near Burnie Bridge.

The Burnies was the only pretty or romantic spot between Mary's cottage and Limavaddy. There were fertile fields and marshy tracts, and hills and dales in abundance, but the country was bare of trees and uninteresting, with the exception of that one lovely dell, where hazels and willows bent from a steep bank over a clear, rippling stream, and a dreamy, gurgling sound was heard above the pebbles.

Ladies and gentlemen from Dungiven and Limavaddy often made picnic-parties to the Burnies; and country girls went there in autumn to pick the large blackberries which hung in rich clusters over the stream, or nuts for Hallow E'en; but none of them had ever caught sight of the low-set people, who disappeared on that particular May evening among the wild-roses and wood-bine, at sundown.

A blackbird whistled loudly above the moss-grown rock, and thrushes and robins sang their evening song. The birds and rabbits knew that it was May Eve, and that they might see the fairy-train.

Mothers put salt upon their children's heads on that evening, if obliged to send them a message to the shops, or to neighbors' houses; and in any house where an infant lay in its cradle, the mother was sure to put the tongs across it, if forced to leave the fireside for a moment. Mary had no fear of danger for herself, though it was May Eve; she was safe and happy by Niel's side.

On the following morning she set out with yarn to sell in Limavaddy market, and Niel bade her take the house-key in her hand.

"You'll maybe be home afore me, Mary," said he, "for I ha' business wi' John Marshall, at the old chapel wall, that may keep me late; but if I can at all, I'll overtake you on your way home, and gie you a lift on the horse."

"Do come home wi' me, for any sake, Niel, my jewel," said his pretty wife coaxingly, "for I'm still lonesome, wantin' you."

She sold her yarn, and set out towards home, with the door-key in her hand, thinking that Niel was a lazy fellow not to have been ready to accompany her.

But she was not more than a mile from Limavaddy when she heard the trot of a horse, and her husband overtook her.

He helped her up behind him, and they rode on very comfortably, her hand round his waist and her feet hanging down against the horse's flank. They reached the bottom of the next hill to the Burnies, and Mary said:

"Let me down a wee while, Niel dear, an' I'll walk up the Brae; my feet is a wee cold."

He assisted her to dismount, and rode on slowly, thinking every moment that she would overtake him; but it grew dusk, and still there was no sign of her. He turned back, and went to the foot of the hill where she had got off, but could not find a trace of her.

"Mary—Mary, where are you," my honey?" he called.

There was an echo at the place, and his own words came back to him, but Mary's silvery tones were unheard. Now and then a whin bush—i. e., furze or gorse—rather taller than others in the hedge, attracted him, and he rode up to it, fancying it might be his wife.

Then, feeling extremely puzzled, he went home. It was just possible that Mary might have passed him in the uncertain light, and might now be preparing his supper.

But the door was locked, and all within dark as pitch; so the poor fellow had nothing for it but to ride back to the spot where he had seen her last.

After another fruitless search he went dejectedly home and crept into the house by the bedroom-window. He got a match-box, laid the turf together, and kindled a fire, and then he sat down in front of the blaze with his chin in his hands.

What should he do without his bonnie Mary? Why had he left her alone in the dangerous neighborhood of the Fairy Glen?

All the tales his mother and grandmother had told him of women and children being carried away by the "good people" recurred with frightful clearness to his memory.

It was true that Mary was fair enough to win fairy hearts. While he remained sunk in dejection, he heard a noise and looked round.

His wife was coming through the "room" door, with the house-key bent and twisted into a curious shape in her hand. The hand was bleeding, and two of the fingers were broken.

"It's weel I had the key wi' me, Niel," said she, sinking down in her own place by the fire, and gasping as if exhausted and terrified, "for they tried hard to tak' me awa' wi' them, an' they couldna get doing it, because I had the key."

"Who, my darling—who?"

"Whisht, Niel—whisht! It was them we wilna name. They came around me at the foot o' the Burnies' Brae, an' they tried to get pulling the key from me, but I held tight. I thought there was twenty wee hands in this key at once, Niel, an' still I held tight for your sake. I didna wish them to tak' me away from you. There was a big wheen o' them, baith men an' women, all dressed in red. It's weel you gave me the key wi' me this day."

This adventure happened many years ago. Niel and Mary have long been dead and gone, and none of the present generation have seen the fairies of the Burnies.

* * * * * *

The following story is of recent date: Tom McEthinney was going home from work one winter evening, when, as he passed a thicket in a lonely place the moon shone out, and he saw a funeral procession—the coffin carried by four men, while a crowd of people followed. His surprise was very great.

Who would have a funeral at that hour, and whither was the corpse being borne, for there was no churchyard or cemetery near? Besides, he had not heard of a death among his neighbors—and, stop—were those short men his neighbors?

He happened to have his door-key in his hand, and on the impulse of the moment he flung it upon the coffin. Very astonishing was the result of the action; the coffin fell to the ground, and the bearers and funeral cortege disappeared.

Tom plucked up courage to touch the lid, and finding that it was not nailed down he raised it. Was that a corpse within? The face was pale certainly, and the eyes were closed, but there was no look of death.

He looked again. Surely he knew that face. The supposed corpse was his neighbor's son, young Brian Cassidy, the handsomest youth in Glenedra. While he gazed at him, Brian opened his eyes and spoke.

"Is that you, Tom? I ha' been sleepin'," and as he stretched himself the coffin crumbled away, and left not a board behind.

"Can you stand, Brian dear?"

"Aye, bravely! What's wrong wi' me, Tom?"

When they reached the village of Glenedra they heard loud cries proceeding from Cassidy's house, and they walked in upon a mournful scene.

On the bed lay Brian, to all appearance laid out in his shroud. The women had washed and dressed him, and were now giving vent to their grief.

As Tom looked from the living Brian to the dead Brian, he felt more puzzled than ever, and he hardly found words to explain his adventure to the parents.

They, on their part, had as confused a story to tell. Brian had suddenly fainted dead away, and had never come to, and all was being prepared for his wake and funeral.

Grief now gave place to joy. Brian, with hearty appetite, sat down to eat the delicacies that had been provided for the visitors to his wake.

"An' now," said he, when strength and courage had returned to him, "what'll we do wi' thon rascal?" glancing at the supposed corpse on the bed.

Terror kept his parents and neighbors speechless.

"Bring him here, an' lay him on the fire," proceeded Brian. "Gie me a hand wi' him, Tom dear."

The corpse grew lighter and lighter in their arms, and by the time they reached the fireside, it was found that they held nothing but a blackthorn-stick!

* * * * * *

Paddy Mulreany was a very civil, obliging man, on excellent terms with all his neighbors. He lived in the Benedy, a "very gentle place"—i.e., a place haunted by the fairies; but he himself had had no experience of them—as far as he was concerned there might be no "good people" within many miles of his house.

Yet he made his wife sweep her hearth and leave a bright fire burning when she went to bed, as his mother and grandmother had always done.

Sometimes his bannocks of oaten-bread were nibbled at the edges, but his wife said that mice must have got into the barrel where they were kept.

Paddy's house was at the foot of the mountain. His goat and donkey grazed on patches of the short sweet grass that grew between clumps of heather on the mountain behind the house.

One evening, when he went to drive the animals home, he saw a tiny woman eating blackberries beside a rock. She was bending over the little bush, and her face was hidden; but he felt a curiosity about her for she was not like anyone he had ever seen, that he remembered before, so he bade her "good-evening" in his civil way.

She turned round with a smile, and talked to him very pleasantly.

"We ha' had a nice, wee chat, Paddy Mulreany," said she, when he was about to take leave of her.

"How do you know my name?" he asked in surprise.

"How wad I not know your name, an' me livin' here aback o' your house for ninety good year an' more. I knowed your mother an' your grandmother too, an' your old father, an' civil, decent neighbors they were, the whole o' them. But they werena a hair better nor you, Paddy, for you're a civil man."

"Deed, ma'am, I never harmed anybody, to my knowledge."

"Ay, Paddy, that the character you'll get from us, anyway. Ay, an' your woman, too. Will you an' her come an' see me next Sunday?"

"With all the pleasure in life," replied he, very much puzzled; "but where do you live?"

"Here! If you knock on this rock just here," showing him a particular spot, "it will open, an' you'll get into my house; an', listen, Paddy, always leave some broken bread in your barrel, for we canna break your big bannocks."

Paddy's wife was frightened when she heard of the invitation, and she would not suffer her husband to go near the rock on Sunday, so the visit was not paid, but she obeyed the little woman about the bread, and found that little pieces of oaten-cake and little drops of milk were taken regularly, and everything continued to prosper with them.

* * * * * *

The "good people" expect liberal treatment from their neighbors; they like to have a share of whatever is going in farm-house or cottage.

A girl, named Kitty Mellon, was hired by a rich farmer, one Harry Quigley, at Derrychrier. Kitty seemed to be a clumsy, awkward girl, and her master and mistress were much provoked with her.

One thing especially annoyed them—she spilt the milk every evening in bringing it across the yard from the cowhouse. This made Harry almost decide upon turning her off.

But as he was walking past some "scrogs and scrows"—i.e., wild, natural wood, on his farm—he heard a child crying and asking for milk, and a voice replying, "Whisht, wean—whisht! Sure you'll get your drink when Harry Quigley's cows is milked."

Harry laid these words to heart, and walked home thoughtfully to tell what he had heard.

"I'll tell you what you'll do," said he to Kitty. "You'll milk a little piggin'ful this evening, an' tak' it to them scrogs an' scrows, an' call out 'Key,' an' throw the pigrin in among them."

Kitty did so, and next morning a great noise of singing and shouting was heard, and invisible hands unloosed the cows in the byre, and drove them out to grass.

* * * * *

It would seem that the fairies are very unreasonable and capricious in their spite, and their punishments utterly disproportioned to whatever offence they may have been offered.

It was so in the case of poor Billy Stelzer of Oaks Lodge. Billy's boots needed mending, so, as he possessed only one pair, he set out to the shoemaker's with them upon his feet.

He sat barefooted beside the shoemaker's bench till eleven o'clock at night, watching the patching being done, then, very tired and sleepy, he made his way home. His road lay past the gate of Oaks Lodge, and for a quarter of a mile through a picturesque wood, consisting of hazels, birches, and hollies.

He knew that the wood belonged to the fairies, but he did not dream of danger, having "never disobliged the 'good people' to his knowledge."

There was a bright moon, and the feathery bare branches of the wood, the silvery stems of the birches, and black arms of the thorns looked weird and beautiful.

Billy was plodding homeward, anxious to get to bed, when he heard voices on the other side of the thick hedge.

"There's poor Billy Stelzer, going home to bed," said one.

"Let's chase him," said another.

"Let's take the boots off him," said a third.

Billy fancied that the speakers were his

neighbor's children, who were trying to play a trick upon him, so he threw his hat at them over the hedge. There was a yell of rage; he was surrounded by a crowd before he knew where he was; he was thrown down on the road, his boots were pulled off, and when he struggled to his feet, he was pelted with them.

His boots seemed to be multiplied into fifty pairs at least, for they were always flying after him, and as soon as they fell to the ground were picked up and thrown at him again. He was pursued to his own door, crept into the house half dead, and kept his bed for nine weeks.

* * * * * *

Kitty Donnelly had always known that the old thorn-tree in her field was a "gentle bush," consequently she was not surprised when her little son, Francie, came running into the house one day to say that there was a tiny, wee man, dressed in green trousers and red jacket, sitting in the tree.

All Francie's brothers and sisters ran to see the marvel, and his mother followed; but they could see nothing but leaves and flowers, and lichen-grown boughs.

Next day a baby was born in the cottage. It was dressed, and lying on the nurse's knee when the father came home from his work.

"What way's Kitty?" he inquired.

"Rightly; she's sleepin' there in the bed," was the reply.

He went over to the bed; it was empty! It was impossible that she could have got up and walked out of the house, and nobody had been seen to enter.

The gravest fears took possession of the husband. He thought of the thorn-tree in his field, and of how he had broken a branch off it to drive the cows home.

Sinking their voices to a whisper, he and the nurse spoke of the "good people." They knew it was useless to seek the lost woman.

Nine melancholy weeks passed, and Donnelly was beginning to grow accustomed to his sad condition as a widower, when one evening his wife walked into the house and sat down in her old place.

"Where were you, jewel, all this time?" asked the husband.

"I ha' been very near you, dear," she replied; "but I darena say more;" and she trembled.

"An' were you well-treated, darlin'?"

"I got the best o' gude treatment; but dinna ax me more. I darena say one word."

She was greatly changed; her cheerfulness was gone, and she sat silent, hardly noticing the children. She did not improve as time went on.

She had been a smart, clever woman, bright and active, she was now almost a simpleton, and poor Donnelly had to be both father and mother to the family.

They soon afterwards went to America, and nothing further was ever heard of them at Tamneyarnet. The next man who took the farm stubbed up the thorn, and as he was ploughing the land, his horse dropped down dead.

"Is it, then, so very dangerous to meddle with a 'gentle bush'?" we asked the old man, who told us the above story.

"Dangerous!" he cried, "tax an' troth it is! Ax my woman, there, what happened to me from meddling wi' ane o' them bushes."

His wife, who was bedridden, raised her gray head, and looked out of her curious bed in the wall, full of eager interest.

"Ay," she croaked, "he'll tell you what occurred, an' he's a man wouldna tell a lie no more nor the clergy in the pulpit."

We hastened to express our faith in the old man's veracity, and our anxiety to hear his adventure. He turned his chair so as to face the open door, which commanded a view of the little river Owenbeg, running between shelving, muddy banks, whereon shabby willows and alders grew at intervals. Just opposite the cabin, on the very edge of the little stream, was a stunted thorn.

"Do you see thon bush, ma'am? When we came to live here I conceited it wad be easy cut down for the fire, an' I took my hatchet, an' went for to do it. Weel, I had gave no more nor the first wee hack, when my foot caught in a hole that I had never seen before, an' I fell into the water on my face. The water was low, for there had been a long drowth, an' I thought I'd get out in a minute; but they rowled and rowled me over in the bed o' the river, till I was near hand drowned; an' when I came home to my woman my shirt was full o' sand."

"You never tried to cut that bush again?"

"In troth I did not! 'Deed thon woman wouldna ha' let me attempt it. I was glad to get off wi' the life; but I didna know the bush belonged to them, or I'd ha' been lazy to take the hatchet to it."

"Do you know of any more adventures? See, here is an ounce of tobacco in exchange for your experiences."

The old fellow eyed the tobacco wistfully, rubbing his head as if to quicken his memory.

"There was a farmer—a Aleck Boyeck—up at Lignapeiaghe," he began, "that fleeched his cottier to stub up a thorn bush on his land. The man wasna willin' to do it, but the master said he'd gie him all the seed-potatoes he required, so at long an' at last he went an' destroyed the tree. His cow was on the mountain wi' Aleck Boyeck's cattle, an' she couldna be found that night when his beasts were brung home. I mind the lamentation there was, an' all the neighbors tellin' the poor man he shouldna ha' put a hand to thon tree. Next morning his cow was found dead—drowned in a bog-hole."

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The fairies appear to interest themselves deeply in the birth of mortal babes, and sometimes are in a position to give a father the earliest intelligence of the arrival of a little stranger in his family.

Micky Madick was on his way home from Feony Fair one evening, when he was overtaken by a group of horsemen whom he had never seen before. He was surprised to see such a number of riders together, and still more surprised when they greeted him one after another:

"Good evening, Micky Madick! Good-evening, Micky Madick!"

"Good evening kindly," said Micky, and he tried to get up with them as they rode on in front, but with all his exertion he could not reach them.

At length they approached the river Owenbeg at Tamneyarton bridge, and leaving the high-road went down the bank into the river.

As Micky bent over the bridge, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the horsemen, he saw nothing but the tumbling water and the muddy bank; but he heard the words:

"Hurry home, Micky Madick, for your wife has got a fine son."

Micky hastened home as he was told, and found the news correct."

The elves seem to have taken an unselfish interest in Micky's domestic felicity. In the case of William Bailey they were not so kind.

William set forth one night in haste to bring the "sage femme" to his sick wife, and on his way home, accompanied by the woman, saw a light in a little copse which they were obliged to pass through to reach the house.

Behold, there was a cottage in the wood where by day only a hedge was to be seen, and a circle of women sat before the door rocking a cradle and singing to a babe. A few steps brought William to his own door, and he found that his wife had given birth to a stillborn son in his absence.

It was no use to go back into the copse to search for that mysterious cottage—all was dark; no sound of singing, no glimpse of nurses or infant to be perceived. To his dying day William believed that his son had been stolen at the moment of his birth, and was living with the fairies.

Pretty Awkward.

BY T. CHAMBERS.

THE talk in the smoking room at Holthorp last Christmas Eve ran wild and brilliantly for a while, then suddenly ceased.

Everybody became so silent that the melancholy moaning of the wind round the house and down the wide chimney seemed to be finding its echo in some of our breasts, judging by the solemnity with which cigar or pipe was puffed.

The cheeriest face among us was, as usual, poor Billy Fane's. At no time would you ever suppose he could not see you as he turns his eyes straight upon yours. Presently, as he looked round quickly, saying, "Come, wake up, you fellows—don't go to sleep," you would have thought he was taking a survey of the whole company. "Hang it all!" he continued, "don't condemn me to silence as well as darkness. One would think you were in training for a deaf and dumb asylum."

"Well," says Colliston, a distinguished landscape painter, "we shall be very deaf indeed when we cannot hear your voice, Billy. If your eyes were only as good as your lungs, you'd 'get on,' wouldn't you?"

"Yes, indeed; I'm all right there," answers Fane. "If I could only see whether there was room, I could wheel a battalion of the artists' corps into line as well as the colonel yonder; or paint you a gold harvest picture equal to our Colliston there. But please go on talking; don't waste the fleeting hours by sitting mum-chance all the evening. Drop politics, and talk about art or musical classes—anything."

This little rally set tongues wagging again, and two or three of the men present began in an undertone questioning, whether it was worse to be blind or deaf.

Then, after a minute, Sir Joseph, our host, delicately broached the subject to Fane, asking him which he considered the worse.

"I hope you don't mind, Billy," he went on, "but you should be an authority. Would you rather be as you are, or deaf."

"Ah! I can't say," was the reply. "I know it is pretty awkward sometimes to be blind; but it is so old a story with me I don't think much about it now. On the whole, though, I fancy I'd rather live in darkness than in silence; but then, as I say, I'm used to the one, and you fellows seemed inclined to give me a dose of the other."

"Pretty awkward to be blind," mused Sir Joseph. "Yes, by Jove! I should think it was. That's a very mild way of putting it. I say, Fane, would you mind telling us the worst time you ever had of it throughout your affliction? I mean, when did it give you the greatest—I mean, when did it put you in the greatest fix apart from the general trouble of it? I suppose you have read 'Called Back?' You were never in such a corner, for instance, as that fellow found himself in, I hope? You were never present at a murder, were you?"

"No; not quite so bad as that," answered the blind man. "But I was once in a very terrible scrape. Some of you might have heard of it at the time, if you were not all so inconveniently young; it is nearly twenty years ago now."

"Indeed! What, through not being able to see your way about?" asked the host. "Where did it happen? I never heard of it; but then, to be sure, we have not known you twenty years."

"No, of course not. There were none of you born then, perhaps."

A hearty laugh ran round the little assembly at this sally; and presently, in compliance with the general desire, Fane agreed to tell his story.

Sir Joseph's Winch's acquaintance was curious and varied. He delighted, especially at Christmas-time, to gather round him all sorts and conditions of men—bohemian, aristocratic, political, artistic, commercial, and scientific.

But these details concern us not: this is but the record of an experience told by Fane, and which served to make that particular evening the most notable and amusing spent by Sir Joseph Winch's guests during their winter visit. They now eagerly settled down to listen to their blind friend, who, after a few preliminary words, thus began:

Remember, twenty years ago my loss of sight was of recent date, and although I was growing accustomed to it, and making the best of it even then, I had not abandoned hope, and was still under treatment.

People say I am naturally dodgy in my ways, and so I suppose I contrived to get about rooms and staircases, when I once knew them, more readily than many fellows would have done.

At anyrate I was as much at home at our little club, "The Wits," as in my own rooms, and could go up and down stairs and find my way all over the house without assistance.

Not so, however, in the streets or strange places; and therefore I always have a young lad in my service as guide and escort, who fetches me, and, as I might say, carries me hither and thither!

Friends have always been very kind and civil in asking me to dine and join in many a little social gathering. Now, I had been to one of these on the evening in question, and it was arranged that my boy should drop me at the club, where the lad had been ordered to meet me and take me home.

A little before midnight, therefore, on—yes, it was on a Christmas Eve, just nineteen years ago, as I think, this very night, we reached the club.

Snow had been falling the whole evening; and when we entered the hall, I congratulated my friend that he had no farther to go with me on such a miserable night; it was well we had made the arrangement. He, too, was glad his escort duty was over, and bade me good-night on the threshold.

"My lad has not come yet, I suppose?" said I to the porter. "It has not struck twelve, I think?"

"No, sir; it wants ten minutes."

"Then I will go up-stairs and wait," said I, taking off my overcoat. "Let me know when my lad comes. Who is in the club?"

"Very few, sir; no one, indeed, but Mr. Gridlay."

I paused, as the man put my hand on the balustrade, the only guide I wanted to find my way up-stairs.

"Oh, which room is he in, do you happen to know?"

"Back drawing-room, sir, I think. The waiter has lately taken him up a cup of coffee."

Now, here, I must just tell you—— Fane paused; then, after seeming to make up his mind, resumed:

Well, I need not go into details; but this man Gridlay had played me a scurvy trick some year or so before—a trick which changed the whole current of my life. I need not say it was in the matter of a love affair.

Briefly, just before I lost my sight I was engaged to be married; but of course when there was every likelihood of my never again being able to put brush to canvas, I was bound to release the young lady; but she would not hear of it, though her father hesitated.

She was still prepared to share my lot. We should have enough to live comfortably on, though at a very reduced figure from what it would have been had I been able to pursue my profession. The old gentleman would have given way—was giving way.

The affair hung in the balance when this Mr. Albert Gridlay turned the scale against me. He was intimate with the family, and it appeared had secretly nourished a strong affection for my fiancee.

So, what does the fellow do when he hears of my misfortune, and, as he declared, of the consequent breaking off of the engagement, but speak to the father on his own behalf, and without saying a word to the girl herself.

He was a rich man compared with me, and it would have been a far better match from that point. His proposal, I say, turned the scale against me.

The old gentleman insisted on breaking off our engagement—did break it off, but I am happy to say the young lady never married Gridlay, although for a long time her family moved heaven and earth to induce her to do so.

Gridlay and I had a slight acquaintance with each other, and assuredly neither liked the other. He was a horsey, sporting sort of gentleman—not my style of man at all; and after his conduct, and when I knew he was still prosecuting his suit, I cut him dead though cutting a fellow is not easy for a blind man.

However, about a fortnight before this eventful Christmas Eve we were accidentally thrown together in the club, and I could not avoid him.

He made some insolent allusion to the probable reason for my not speaking to him; and being a peppery fellow, I unwisely took it up, and, contrary to my custom, had an open and angry quarrel with him—about the only one I have ever had with anybody in my life. Some high words passed, and at last I said:

"You take advantage of my infirmity, sir. You would not have dared to have said that if we had been on equal terms, because, you know, if you had, I should have knocked you down."

He replied with renewed insolence; and I don't know what might have happened, had not some one interfered and pacifically led me out of the room; but I was very angry, threatened to bring the matter before the Committee, and in my irritation said many things perhaps I ought not to have said.

Thus you can understand, with this dispute still clouding the atmosphere, why I should avoid the room in which the porter said Mr. Gridlay was sitting, and so I went into the front drawing-room.

All was silent as I passed and listened for a moment at the door. I could have sworn no one was in the room. Knowing the ropes, as the sailors say, I felt my way to my favorite corner on a long couch at the opposite side to the fireplace.

Sitting down gladly, for I was tired after my tramp through the snow, to wait till I should be fetched, I presently began to doze, and in a little while fell fast asleep, as is to be supposed for more than an hour.

Awaking at last, and feeling very cold and a little dazed, I stood up, and was feeling my way by the edge of the couch towards the fireplace, when I suddenly kicked against the feet and legs of some one sitting at the farther end of the seat.

"I beg your pardon," I cried; but there was no response, and the legs were not removed. "I hope I did not hurt you!" I continued. "I did not know any one was sitting there."

Still no response; still no movement of the obstructing feet.

Gently stretching forward, my fingers fell upon a drawn-up and contorted knee; and close to it an ice-cold hand clenched and rigid.

Then I gently shook the sitter by the shoulder; still he did not move; his body, too, seemed rigid, and curiously bent backwards. Growing alarmed, I passed my hand swiftly up to his face and forehead; the latter also was like a block of ice.

"Good God!" I cried, "the man is dead!"

In a paroxysm of despair, I fumbled and stumbled my way to the bell and rang it violently.

Before I had time to return to the couch, the waiter was in the room.

"See, waiter! who is that on the couch? I am afraid he is very ill, if not dead."

"Dead, sir—never!" exclaimed the man. "Why, it's Mr. Gridlay. I brought him his coffee an hour before I saw you come into the club, sir; he was then in the back-room. Here is his cup, nearly empty, beside him on the table. What had I better do, sir?"

"Do? Why, rouse the house; send for a doctor, quick."

But poor Gridlay was beyond the reach of doctors; the united skill of the whole College of Physicians could have availed him nothing.

I cannot pretend to narrate in detail what followed. The commotion, to be sure, was terrible. A doctor was soon on the spot. The dead man's friends were communicated with; his elder brother arrived, bringing a second doctor with him, and then the police were informed; I, standing by bewildered, helpless, and incapable, telling my story over and over again, and answering a dozen questions a minute.

Finally, the body was removed; and, as my lad had failed me, I was taken home by a waiter, but not before one of the doctors had given it as his opinion that death was caused by poison—strychnine, he suspected, from the dregs in the coffee cup and the contorted position of the corpse. There would have to be an inquest.

And in two days' time an inquest was held, at which, of course, my evidence was essential. The post-mortem confirmed the doctor's suspicion; strychnine was the cause of death, the remains of the coffee proving it had been swallowed in that. But how did deceased come by the drug?

There all was doubt and mystery. The inquest was adjourned. At the next inquiry I was recalled, and subjected to a rigid and most unpleasant cross-examination.

Said the coroner, or the lawyer who appeared to watch the case on behalf of the deceased's relatives—I am not sure which, for, remember, I was wholly unconscious of the aspect of the court and of the relative positions of the people in it—said somebody, therefore:

"Now, you see, Mr. Fane, we are unable to discover how or by what means the unfortunate gentleman came to have poison in his cup. He was not known to have any strychnine in his possession, and there is no evidence to show that he ever purchased any; no bottle or phial has come to light. The question, therefore, naturally arises, how came there to have been strychnine in that coffee cup? You are blind, suffering, I believe, from atrophy of the optic nerve, and are, as I am informed, under medical treatment for the malady—you are taking medicine. Now, do you

happen to know what the principal ingredient of that medicine is?"

I paused; for I did happen to know—it was strychnine, and I did not like the question. It was repeated.

Then I replied promptly:

"Strychnine, I believe; and I am obliged to have something of the kind injected into my arm periodically."

"Exactly so," continued my interrogator. "It is the ordinary drug used in such cases. But you also take a certain proportion of it with your food, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And had you not the little bottle containing it in your pocket at the time you were sitting on the couch, alongside the deceased, you two being entirely alone in the room of your club?"

"Certainly," I exclaimed in some agitation, for I now clearly saw to what a dreadful suspicion these questions pointed. 'But you don't mean to imply,' I continued hastily——

"Be kind enough to answer my question; confine yourself to that, please; and let me further ask: had you not quite recently had a very angry quarrel with the late Mr. Albert Gridley? Was there not great animosity existing between you previously? Were you not deadly rivals, so to speak?"

What could I answer? And as I answered I felt the full force of the situation, and though I was comparatively young in those days, I knew that it might go hard with me, as it had done with many a better man, ere I could clear myself of the frightful imputation—ere I could break down the case that was building up against me.

Had any legal adviser been at hand, he would probably have cautioned me at the outset of this string of inquiries, and have told me I was not bound to answer them. As it was, the admission was made and the mischief done.

However, no more questions were put to me then; I was led from the witness box, and the coroner very soon proceeded to comment on the evidence.

He touched slightly but significantly on mine—sufficiently to greatly add to my growing uneasiness. He asked the jury if they would like a further adjournment of the case, or whether they thought there was sufficient evidence before them to enable them to arrive at a verdict.

They thought there was not; for although no doubt existed as to the cause of death, it was desirable that the matter should be further sifted, and another effort made to discover how strychnine had found its way into the deceased's coffee—evidently a direct allusion to the fact that I had strychnine in my possession at the time we were sitting alone almost side by side in the club. The consequence, of course, was a further adjournment.

Need I say that during that time I went through an agony of suspense? A dark suspense it might truly be called, which was not a little aided to by the information which reached me that Gridley's brother intended to subpœna the witnesses of my quarrel with deceased at the club, with a view of getting a verdict of wilful murder against me by the coroner's jury.

Here the blind story teller paused, and turning his face from one side to the other, you would have supposed he was looking at us, for his eyes seemed to twinkle knowingly. Then he said:

There, gentlemen—that was my fix, and a pretty awkward one, you will admit. But I was not hanged, as you see, for, happily, by dint of inquiries, good legal advice, and a clever detective, we were enabled to prove that Mr Albert Gridley had obtained strychnine pills or boluses from a veterinary surgeon in the neighborhood of Newcastle with the ostensible purpose of physicking a horse.

We were able to bring evidence of this into court on the occasion of the adjourned inquest, the result being a verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind.

"Pretty awkward to be blind—yes, truly!" said Sir Joseph Winch. "One need not be suspected of murder, however, to convince us of that!" and his opinion was echoed unanimously by his guests as they broke up for the night.

ROSEMARY LORE.

Herbs played a much more prominent part in the customs, the medicine and the daily life of our forefathers than they do in the more sophisticated existence of the present day.

No herb was in more universal use than rosemary. It was used at festivities of all kinds, at public entertainments, at weddings, and at funerals.

It was strewed on the floor, was carried in the hand, and was stuck in the hat. In old collections of popular medical recipes, rosemary continually appears as an ingredient in wonderfully compounded waters, oils, and salves.

The works of the older dramatists contain frequent allusions to its varied medicinal and symbolic uses. Ophelia's well known saying, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance," is but one among many such passages.

Rosemary was long considered a good medicine for disorders of the head; it was also supposed to clear the head and to strengthen the memory, and so naturally became the symbol of remembrance and fidelity.

It is very possible that the enduring nature of the odor of the plant has contributed to its long-standing association with these qualities. In consequence of its symbolic character it was largely used in connection both with funerals and with weddings.

Horace and Ovid tells us how the ancients used to strew sprigs and boughs of cypress upon the graves of departed friends; and with the substitution of rosemary, and sometimes sage, for cypress, the custom has been maintained until a very recent date.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe tells us how the rugged New England descendants of the Puritans in the early part of this century used no flowers about their dead, only the tansy and rosemary—bitter herbs of affliction.

It was formerly customary for the mourners as they walked in funeral procession to carry sprigs of the plant in their hands, which they afterwards threw into the grave.

This ancient custom was, until lately, still kept up. The sprigs were distributed to the mourners just before leaving the house, and at the same time each member of the party was helped to a 'funeral cake.' These cakes generally took the form of oblong sponge-biscuits, one of which, wrapped in black-edged note paper and sealed with black wax, was sent to every near relative or friend not present.

But they are now going out of use, and will soon be, like so many other country customs, things of the past.

In Germany, not many years ago, rosemary was always used for a death-wreath for any young girl dying shortly before her wedding.

In courtship and bridal, as in death, the plant has for centuries been a popular symbol of fidelity and remembrance.

Stow tells us that in the reign of Elizabeth rosemary was strewn before brides on their way back from church.

The gift of the herb to a man by his sweetheart was considered most significant.

At weddings, it used to be the custom to dip a sprig in the cup before drinking to the health of the newly married couple.

The famous old beverage of warm ale, sugared and spiced, with a roasted crab or apple floating thereon, known as lamb's-wool, was commonly stirred with a sprig of rosemary, to give it an additional flavor.

Derbyshire folk have a belief that rosemary worn about the person will strengthen memory and will give success in love.

Spaniards have great reverence for it. It is related in one of their legends that the Virgin Mary, when washing one day, hung the clothes of the infant Jesus upon it to dry.

It had formerly been a very insignificant plant; but after receiving this honor, it became an evergreen and fragrant.

According to an authority on Spanish folklore, it is believed that all the instruments of the Passion can be seen in its flower, and that it puts forth fresh blossoms every Friday, 'as if to embalm His holy body.'

If a house be fumigated with it on the night of the Nativity, it is thought that no harm will come to that house the whole year through.

Spanish peasants often wear it in their hats as a protection against witches and ogres in travelling.

The practice of wearing rosemary in the hat is doubtless connected with the widespread and long-standing belief in the efficacy of the plant as a medicine for the head and brain and for the nerves generally.

The oil of rosemary made from the leaves of the plant is the principal ingredient in the perfume called "Hungary Water," which was formerly taken very generally to quiet the nerves. The oil is still extensively used in various preparations for the hair and head.

The leaves on their under part are covered with a short whitish gray down, as if dusted with sea spray, and it is from this fanciful resemblance that the plant is supposed to derive its name, which simply means sea-dew (rosmarinus).

A GENTLEMAN was recently telling of the great kindness with which he was treated in a journey from New York to Chicago. He is unable to walk. He said:

"That journey knocked all my ideas as to the total depravity of man into stoma. By reason of a fog which delayed the ferry boat, I was late in reaching the depot in Jersey City. The train was several rods distant from the pier; it was time for the train to leave. The conductor saw the two men carrying me and evidently hurrying. He motioned to us not to hurry. As they were putting me into the car he said: 'There is no need for haste, you shall have all the time you want.' Such courtesies as the brakemen and conductors showed me for the thousand miles! They carried me in their arms, for we made the trip over several days; they stopped the train at the station at a point most convenient for me; they somehow got me the lower sleeping berths when yet the first message was that the lower berths were all taken. In fact, if I had been the President I could hardly have been treated better." Yes, I said, humanity is kind to humanity when humanity is in need.

"SOURS AIR," he said, as he leaned across the aisle of the car, "but I presume you are reading the morning paper?" "Yes, sir," replied the other. "Published here in the city?" "Yes, sir." Will you have the kindness to tell me if you have as yet come across an article headed, 'A Distinguished Visitor to Detroit. Hon. Benjamin Perkins in Town. Let Us Do this Famous Man all Honor!'" "No, sir, I haven't." "Some oversight, probably. Probably be in to-morrow. That's all. Much obliged." And he settled back, buttoned up his threadbare overcoat, and realized that 15 passengers were sizing him up and wishing that fame would pass come to them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Wealth does not necessarily favor long life. In Professor Humphrey's "Report on Aged Persons," containing an account of 824 individuals of both sexes, and between the ages of 80 and 100, it is stated that 48 per cent. were poor, 42 per cent. were in comfortable circumstances, and only ten per cent. were described as being in affluent circumstances.

A startling revelation as to the foreign extract of meat trade was made at the Colchester police court lately, when a boy from Ipswich was charged, at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with cruelty to a horse by driving it at night from Chelmsford to Colchester in almost a dying state. Inspector Stanbridge stated that the animal was going to a man at Ipswich who exported hundreds of tons of horse flesh to Antwerp, where it was made into extract of beef. Horses just able to crawl were brought from all parts of the kingdom, as they were worth more alive. The case was a very bad one, and a fine of 40s was inflicted and the horse ordered to be slaughtered.

It is no longer considered good form to use heavy perfumes and stick to one odor. Instead of perfuming a handkerchief so as to make it retain the odor until it returns to the laundry, it is now the correct thing to use a very slight perfume, one that will only last a few hours or at most a day. It is also fashionable to use a different odor every day, and fancy perfumes are being put up in boxes, five or six kinds in each. Another notable change is the absence of the smell of camphor about clothing. This is due to the discovery that preparations of tar will keep off moths and insects at least as effectively as gum camphor, without any appreciable smell, and at a saving of about 75 per cent. in cost. Hence tar preparations are all the rage, while camphor is hard to get on the market.

A correspondent says that the custom of preserving coffin plates, instead of burying them with the dead, has long prevailed in parts of New England. He says: "I once stopped for dinner at a farmhouse and inn in a village in Western Connecticut. We waited awhile in the little parlor, which was filled with the family treasures, in the way of curious and pretty things on shelves and pictures on the walls. Among the latter, framed separately under glass and hanging in different parts of the room, were three plain silver coffin-plates, engraved in the usual way with the names and dates of death of members of the family. This was the first instance in my experience of this custom, which I learned, was common in the neighborhood. Afterwards I met with the same custom in various parts of other New England States."

The following gruesome and probably imaginative story comes from Japan, via San Francisco. In the Province of Kiangsu, Japan, near a temple, is a boys' school. While the teacher was called away one day, five of the boys, with the intention of playing a joke on him, hid in empty coffins that were in the temple. The boy who was to act as sentinel had hardly closed down the lids over his companions when the teacher appeared. Answering the teacher's question, the sentinel said his comrades had gone to heaven, their bodies being now in the coffins. The teacher, fearing the joke might have been carried too far, raised the lids of the coffins, and found in reality all five boys had died with suffocation. The sixth boy, being now thoroughly scared, started to run, when the teacher overtook him and whipped him to death.

Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses are fond of music. The Queen has a lovely voice still, and has a beautiful touch on the piano. The Princess Christian and Princess Louise have brilliant powers of execution, and play everything at first sight. The Prince of Wales plays the banjo. The Princess of Wales is a skilful pianist. The Duke of Connaught amuses himself with the flute. The Duke of Edinburgh is a good violinist. The Czar of all the Russias plays a handsome silver cornet. Queen Marguerite of Italy is a pianist. Prince Henry of Prussia is a composer and a performer on the violin and piano. The Empress of Austria plays on the zither. The Empress of Japan is proficient on the "koto," the national instrument, which is a kind of big zither. Queen Elizabeth of Rumania plays with equal skill on the harp and piano. King George of Greece can play all kinds of tunes on handbells, also the "cymbalum," an instrument played only by the Tziganes of Hungary.

IN THE INTERESTS OF TRUTH.—"Why do you keep a cat, Mr. Toogood?" asked a friend of his pastor; "I thought you didn't like such animals."

"I dislike them very much; but I got this one in the interest of truth. Everything that is broken about the house is laid to the cat, and so long as I had none it pained me at the heart every time he assertion was made. Now, I have a faint hope that about once in a hundred times somebody is accidentally telling the truth about it."

FLATTER not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Influenza, Difficult Breathing

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"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

Jan. 14, '88. AUGUSTA GA.

DR. RADWAY, I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market, without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

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THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ALL ITS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE,

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria but if people exposed to it in chill and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs. Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

SAVE MONEY

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Dear Sir—I would not be without your Pills and your Ready Relief. They save me many a doctor's bill. MRS. M. GIFFORD.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

CONCERNING CATS.

BY SHEILA.

"ALAN dear, this distinguished lady is anxious to lecture to you instead of me," said Lilian, coming into the room with a large cat in her arms. "What do you say to the exchange?"

"You see, I don't quite understand the cat-language, Lil."

"In that case I must translate for your benefit," cried Lilian gaily. "And listen, Alan, she has begun to lecture at a fine rate already. Puss, dear, how you *do* purr!"

"Well," observed Alan, "if she stops talking I shall pinch her tail and make her go on again, that's all! Please begin, Lilian."

So Lilian translated the lecture of Madam Bella (the cat) out of the puss language into English; and it was something like this:—

"Master Alan, sir, you must know that in ancient times our race was highly prized—more so, I can tell you, than in these days, when nobody thinks anything of hurting a cat's feelings.

"In Egypt we were considered as sacred animals: when a fire broke out, people thought less of putting it out than of saving us from the flames; and when a cat died, the family to whom it belonged went into mourning by shaving their eyebrows.

"If you go to the British Museum you will be able to see some cat-mummies brought from Thebes. It is my opinion that they must be very old indeed, and I fancy most clever men agree with me.

"I can tell you the name of a cat who lived several hundred years ago, and who belonged to a very famous man. She was called Muezza, and her master was the celebrated Mahomet.

"Why people call him a great man I have never puzzled my head to find out, but I will tell you why I know that he was kind-hearted.

"One day Mahomet was sitting thinking deeply, so deeply that he did exactly what I do when I think—that is, he fell fast asleep.

"Inside his wide sleeve was Muezza curled round comfortably, and also was fast asleep.

"After a while Mahomet awoke, and remembered that he had to attend to some business, but he did not like to disturb sleepy Muezza.

"A pair of scissors was lying just handy, so what did puss's kind master do but cut off his sleeve, and leave it there for Muezza to finish her nap in.

"Now that's what I call doing as you would be done by!

"In the Middle Ages cats were not so plentiful as they are now, and about the year 948 a Welsh law ordained that the price of a baby kitten should be one penny, and fourpence after it had caught a mouse.

"Puss was a favorite pet in convents and monasteries, and we read that St. Anselm used graciously to lend his cats to various monasteries which were troubled with mice, and that her useful ladyship rode in front of him on the saddle when she paid her mousing visits.

"I have heard of a monastery cat who found herself shut up in a room when the bell rang for dinner.

"It was her dinner-hour as well as that of the monks, her masters, and I dare know that quite as well as they did; but nobody heard her pitiful mews, and she was not released for some hours.

"Off she scampered then to the dining-hall, or refectory, as it was called, but, alas! poor hungry Puss, the tables were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

"'And so the poor cat had none' you are thinking perhaps to yourself, Master Alan; but wait a bit.

"The monks were all busily employed when they were much surprised at hearing the dinner-bell ringing lonely and jerkily.

"Hurrying to the refectory, they beheld Madam Puss swinging on the bell rope, ringing for her dinner.

"We are very clever creatures, you know, and no doubt Puss thought that whenever the bell sounded, dinner followed as a matter of course. 'So *I'll* ring the bell, and then my dinner will come,' said she, and of course the monks gave her a splendid plateful for her cleverness.

"Talking of dinners reminds me of an Archbishop of Naples who was so exceedingly fond of cats that his cats used to sit at table on chairs, and dine with him.

"They were large Angoras, and had fine-sounding names, such as Pantaleona, Othello, Desdemona, etc., and they were waited on by the butler and footman, just as if they had been real ladies and gentlemen.

"Besides Mahomet, a great many noted men have made friends and companions of us, which naturally speaks much for their good taste.

"Cardinal Wolsey's cat sat by his side when he gave audience. The French Cardinal Richelieu rang for his kittens when he was tired and melancholy, and amused himself by watching them at play.

"Chateaubriand, the French poet, was presented with a splendid specimen of our race, called 'Micetto,' by Pope Leo XII.; and on one occasion he writes 'We had the misfortune to lose two elegant pussies, white as ermine, with black tails.'

"Doctor Johnson, too, loved a cat, and this cat's name was 'Hodge.'

"When Hodge fell ill, the kind-hearted doctor nursed his pet tenderly, and fed him every day with oysters.

"'A fine cat, sir,' said a friend who was watching this proceeding.

"'I have had cats I liked better,' answered the doctor, adding, as if he were afraid Hodge might feel offended, 'But he is a fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.'

"People give us some very queer names sometimes. Doctor Robert Southey's cats, for instance; how they ever managed to answer to their names puzzles me more than how that mouse contrived to get away from under my claws last Monday.

"One of these cats, I have been told, was called Rumpel for short, but his full titles were: 'The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquess McRum, Earl Tomlemague, Baron Ratsloide, Wasowhier, and Szaraich.'

"I don't fancy any mouse would care to 'bell' a cat with such a name as that, do you?

"But I may as well tell you here a ridiculous mistake which arose out of the practice of calling things 'for short'—abbreviating them is the proper term, I believe, but you must not expect a ball of fur like me to be too clever.

"There was once a young American clerk, who had to write a list of certain provisions which were to go on board a steamer.

"He was getting on swimmingly, when he suddenly came to a stop, and stared with astonishment, for one of the items was—

"'Four boxes of tom-cats!'

"The clerk looked again, and once more after that, but there it certainly was, as plain as a pikestaff—

"'Four boxes of tom cats!'

"'Must be a mistake,' he decided, and he took the list to the manager.

"'Why,' cried the latter, 'how stupid you are! That means four boxes of Tomato Catsup (a kind of sauce).

"Do you know why we always wash our faces after a meal, Master Alan?

"No? Then I will tell you.

"In the early days of the history of our race, a cat, it is said, caught a sparrow, and was just going to eat it, when the sparrow observed—

"'No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face.'

"The cat thought this might be true, so he set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face.

"Thereupon the sparrow flew away, and the cat was so cross about the way he had been tricked that he declared—"'As long as I live, I will eat first and wash my face afterwards.'

"Which is what we all do, as you may see if you take the trouble to watch us.

"I could go on talking for hours, but I see that Lilian is yawning, and of course you know all about Whittington and his Cat, Puss in Boots, the White Cat, the Three Little Kittens who Lost their Mittens, the pussy who got in the well, and the musically minded cat who played the fiddle while the cow jumped over the moon.

"The Cheshire cat in 'Alice in Wonderland' is a great favorite of mine, and I hope you have heard of the wonderful Kilkenny cats, who fought with each other until there was nothing left of them but the tips of their tails.

"Well, I have come to the end of my tale. Miaow! Good night."

A CUTE GAME.—A juvenile beggar is working a very profitable little game around New York. He is just eight years old, and wears just enough clothing to keep within the lines of decency, and always looks dirty and forsaken. He usually takes his stand near the entrance to a restaurant, and when a patron comes out he asks him for a nickel to get a cup of coffee or a sandwich. He tearfully tells a sad story of how he has lost a little money and is afraid to go home. He invariably gets his nickel and, to the donor's satisfaction, always makes a joyful dive for the door.

A reporter who had noticed him several nights in succession begging, handed him a nickel the other evening to "get a cup of coffee."

As he disappeared in the doorway the reporter hurried down the steps to keep his eye on him. As soon as the lad got inside the restaurant he hauled out from under his coat a single copy of an evening paper and offered it for sale at two of the tables. He then edged up to the cooler, took a drink of water, tucked up his coat and came out for a new victim.

THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE guide is certainly a rather out-of-the-way person, and I could tell you many anecdotes about guides—of their faithfulness, and endurance, and perseverance. But first we will have a quiet peep at the man and his companions, to see the kind of man he really is.

There are guides in every country, but the Swiss are pre-eminently the foremost in general estimation, because they are born amongst mountains, tend the cattle on the "alps," or pastures; and when still children they learn all the mountain paths and short cuts, the appearance of snow and ice at certain times, and are soon fit to guide other people.

When you go to Switzerland you will see, perhaps at Chamouni, a group of men in rough "homespun" suits, rather shaggy-looking. They are standing outside the Guides' Office, where they are registered, and the first man on the list will accompany you on your excursion if you want a guide.

The "Merry Swiss Boy" who aspires to become a guide, or the young German or Italian who is just entering the profession, has to practise self denial, and learn to endure fatigue.

The Swiss boy, as you will suppose, at first tends the goats, and soon learns to blow the Alpine horn which produces such wonderful echoes. In the winter he is taught to carve toys and he studies, and then he goes out to meet the tourists, lead mules, and pick up the French and English language.

By this time he is acquainted with the mountain paths, perhaps he works as a porter, and carries provisions for guides and travellers up Mont Blanc or some of the other high mountains in Savoy or Switzerland. For this duty he earns about tenpence an hour, or a little more, and the guide, who does not carry so much, is not paid much more highly.

By degrees, one way or another, our Swiss becomes a registered guide, and is qualified to lead us up a mountain.

We may go with him boldly. He will perhaps require an associate if our journey is difficult; and these men will have ice axes, ropes, and other means to assist us. The ice-axe is for cutting steps in sloping ice and snow, so that we may ascend the steep slopes of the mountain; the rope is to tie us all together, so that if a traveller should slip the guides may pull him on his feet again; or if he should fall into a pit in the ice the men can pull him out by means of the rope, and hold tight with the axe.

The mountain guide is sometimes alone on the mountains; and in a storm he may lose his way! Then he is shut out from all the world; and unless he is very sensible, as the guides generally are, he may be lost. He is quite out of the way; no one can tell where he is; the snowstorm is raging; he cannot see his way.

He must build a hut of snow, and wait until the storm passes. Sometimes it has happened that the storm has lasted for days, and then the poor guide is found dead in the shelter he had made to live in!

They are some very celebrated guides alive; but some have been killed in falling from the precipices; while others have fallen into the holes in the glaciers, called crevasses, or crevices, and have been frozen to death.

You will meet most experienced and pleasant travelling companions in guides at Zermatt, Grindelwald, Martigny, and Chamouni.

One of the greatest guides who ever lived was named Jacques Balmat, and he was the very first person who ever got to the top of Mont Blanc. He went by himself!

He was a native of Savoy, and was not much liked by the other guides. A very celebrated traveller named De Saussure was about to ascend the mountains, and Balmat wanted to go; but the guides would not permit him to accompany the party. So he followed it.

When the party had gone up a good way a terrible storm came on. They were all alarmed, and came down again, without telling poor Balmat, who was left alone on the side of the mountain!

"Let him find his way down as he found his way up," said the jealous guides.

Thus they left him.

In those days—more than a hundred years ago—no one had ever climbed to the top of Mont Blanc nor up any other high mountain.

People did not climb for amusement then, but to learn something of science and nature. It would be thought a great feat to climb Mont Blanc, and the learned De Saussure tried. He failed on that occasion, and his men left Balmat out on the mountain alone.

Can you fancy this guide up in the ice and snow, alone on a mountain, fourteen thousand feet up, where no one had ever come, and perhaps never would come?

People in those days thought that evil spirits lived on the mountain, and this idea frightened them. Balmat thought so too, but he was brave and determined not to be alarmed.

Still, he could not find his way down. The snow blinded him as it blew in his face, and the wind froze him with its icy breath.

So he crept into a kind of hole in the snow behind a rock, and kept warm there until the morning.

He was quite alone; not a sound of cows or sheep, or any footfall was heard. He was out of the world up there; his feet became frost-bitten and almost useless; he could not feel his limbs in the morning until the sun rose, and he only restored his circulation by rubbing.

It was a lovely morning after the storm, and brave Balmat made up his mind to make his way up the mountain and get to the top!

He did. He climbed up, and came down; then he fell ill, and lay in bed for many weeks. One day he told his doctor his secret, and some time afterwards they went to the top together. Balmat was the first guide—the first man—who reached the top of Mont Blanc.

The mountain guide earns a good deal of money in the autumn. He lives quietly all the winter and spring, carving toys and other pretty articles, which he sells very cheaply to the shops.

His children help him to attend to the cattle and goats. Then the avalanches fall; the ice begins to melt, the rivers become full, and the guide, while he works, looks out, and thinks summer is coming.

Then summer comes; the mules are ready near the hotels; the guides with alpenstocks, or poles, are all collected ready to go anywhere you please.

They smile, and take off their hats, and ask very politely if you are going for an excursion that day:

"Will the young ladies have mules to ride or horses to climb the mountain path?"

Yes. Then he will be ready in half an hour.

The ladies mount, the guide leads one animal, the other horses follow, and your party ascends to the top.

Such a lovely view!

As you get higher and higher the guide will point out the mountains and crags and glaciers; he will chat with you, and tell you of adventures and escapes in a most respectful and quiet manner.

He will blow the horn, and awake the echoes; smile at your remarks, and help you in every way he can.

He is always ready and cautious; he will keep you safe all day, and when you return in the evening, and you pay him his well-earned money, he will raise his hat and smile as he bids you "Good-night."

Next time he meets you he will raise his hat and say "Good day" like an old friend.

For a little while in the year he is in the world; but for a great portion of his time he is "out of the way:" up the mountains, away from the village and his wife and children, risking his life for the amusement of other people.

Some day, perhaps, he may go up a mountain, the rope may break—a traveller may slip and cause his own and the guide's life.

He may be taken ill and die in a mountain hut, or fall and be dashed to pieces, and never seen again!

So you see the mountain guide has an adventurous and risky life. But he is a good man, a pleasant companion, and very fond of little folks as a rule.

He lives quietly, and will tell you many nice tales if you go up the mountains with him some day, as I have done many times.

PREFERENCES AND TREASURES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook,
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice;
I'd rather sleep on straw in shepherd's hut,
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,
Than feed without the zest of appetite
Off gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true unfailing friend,
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;
And one poor lass who loved me for myself,
Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere around us;
While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and Sunshine, Flowers, and Health and Love—
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;
The wise man's treasures better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

The Marigold, or Calendula, is well known. In the days of Henry VIII. it was worn with the pansy in wreaths, and went by the name of Souvenir.

But there is yet another name by which this gorgeous little flower is known, and that is perhaps the origin of the meaning given to it in the language of flowers, i. e., "sorrow," and "cares." There is a tradition that the Mexicans, who fell victims to the greed of gold of their cruel exterminating invaders, stained with their blood the yellow blossoms of the fields, and so they changed to a a deep ruby-red color, and have been known ever since by the lugubrious name of "death flowers."

Like the holly, the Mistletoe claims a place amongst historical flowers, being employed at the winter festival so time honored and dear to us all. It is somewhat difficult to record any circumstances respecting its history with which the reader is not already acquainted; yet, perhaps, the origin of the primitive fashion of kissing under the white-berried branches may be known to comparatively few.

For the explanation we must go back to very early ages in the history of northern nations, and dip into the annals of Scandinavian mythology.

Baldr, the Beautiful (the northern Apollo), the son of Odin, had a potent foe in the evil spirit, Loki; and this latter endeavored to compass his destruction by the hands of the blind god, Hodr. So he made an arrow out of the wood of the mistletoe (supposed to proceed from none of the elements), and placing it in his hands, directed it to Baldr, who fell to the earth—a catastrophe which by no other weapon could have been effected, as his mother, Frigga (or Freyja), had rendered him proof against harm from any of the four elements.

This outrage displeased the gods, and they restored Baldr to life, and as they dedicated to Frigga the only instrument by which her son could be harmed, she took the precaution of having it placed out of touch of the earth, and thus beyond the jurisdiction of Loki.

From this old fable the practice of hanging bunches of mistletoe from the ceilings and tops of the doorways has arisen, and the "kiss of peace" beneath them followed in natural sequence.

The non-formation of arrows from its wood, with which to compass the death of anyone, was guaranteed so long as it hung aloft; the kiss was an assurance of good faith and harmony.

The use of the mistletoe in the heathen sacrificial rites of the Druids needs no comment, so well is the subject known. They regarded it as a cure for every disease, an antidote to all poisons, and a talisman against witchcraft and all spiritual evil influences, a belief obtaining amongst the Greeks, Romans, in France, and all European nationalities.

Few amongst our flowering shrubs and plants are so truly classical in their associations as the Myrtle, the emblem of love amongst the ancients of Greece and Rome, and of peace amongst the Jews.

We find references to it in the Books of Nehemiah, Isaiah, Zechariah, as also in the Psalms.

To this day the Jews employ branches of the myrtle, a broad-leaved species, in the construction of their booths or tents during the "Feast of Tabernacles," and which is cultivated for their special use.

Amongst the Arabs there is a tradition that when Adam was driven out of Eden he carried away an ear of wheat, representing the chief food and staff of life; a date, representing fruit; and the myrtle, as the sweetest scented of flowers (in their estimation).

Indeed, all Oriental nations hold the latter in special esteem, and the superstitions connected with it abound equally in the West as the East. The Roman bridal-wreath for men and women was composed of it.

At the sacred Greek festival of the Eleusinian mysteries the high priest officiating and the initiates were crowned with it, and the Athenian magistrates wore it as a badge of their authority, while heroes entwined it in their wreaths of laurel, as a symbol of victory.

So, likewise, it was worn in chaplets by the Romans with the same symbolic motive, and one of the observances of the 1st of April amongst the Roman ladies consisted in crowning themselves with the leaves of this beautiful tree, after bathing under its shadows, when they set forth to offer sacrifice at the altar of Venus to whom, as the "goddess of Love," it was consecrated.

To the loving students of Holy Writ the Olive must have a special interest. Between thirty and forty references re made to it in the sacred books.

Our Savior's latter days on earth were connected with the Mount of Olives, which has rendered that grove of trees one of exceptional interest.

But the historical character of this tree dates back to the time when the dove bore the tiny branch over the subsiding waters, and conveyed the emblem of peace to the redeemed from the flood.

The Delphic oracle was consulted by the Athenians, each holding a branch of the olive; and as to classical traditions connected with the tree, as well as those of modern date, they are fully as numerous as those regarding the myrtle.

As an emblem of peace and reconciliation, the early Christians engraved a representation of it on the tombs of the martyrs, for the flood of cruel persecution had ceased for them, and the blessed peace bringing spirit, once appearing as a dove, had brought them which the olive branch typified—everlasting rest in "the haven where they would be."

It seems a curious confirmation of the aptness with which, in all ages, this beautiful tree has been made a symbol of "peace and security," that oil alone—of all the products of nature with which we are acquainted—can still the raging of the storm-tossed waters, and bringing instant relief and security to those in peril. Victors at the Olympic games were awarded crowns of the olive, and in China they are conferred for literary merit.

Grains of Gold.

Accustom thyself to method.

Youth should be a savings bank.

Anger is a real approach to insanity.

All who swim in sin, must sink in sorrow.

Unasked advice, be not too prompt to give.

The covetous man is his own tormentor.

True repentance is ever ready to repair injuries.

True religion occupies the heart more than the head.

The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray.

The reproach of a friend should be strictly just—but not too frequent.

It does not do to war with the world; the world is too strong for the individual.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own.

The great secret of happiness is to throw one self into the circumstances that surround one.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.

Keep up your spirits by good thoughts; enjoy the pleasant company of your best friends; but in all enjoyments be temperate.

In your converse with the world, be ever careful, for the sake of peace, to speak ill of no one, to treat your known enemy with civility, and to shut your ears against evil reports of all kinds.

Learn the art, to be preferred before all others, of being happy when alone—which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits, in leading an industrious life, and in having constantly before you some object of attainment.

Femininities.

Vanity sickens at neglect.

Turquoise hearts are being adopted as sleeve buttoners.

A Detroit widow wants $5 000 for a kiss given her by her employer.

Glove buttoners with white onyx handles are a pleasing innovation.

Vanity is a strange passion; rather than be out of a job it will brag of its vices.

To pursue fashion in its endless changes may be compared to chasing a bird on the wing.

Customer: "How much is that ring?" New jewelry clerk: "It's marked $25. Eighteen cents, please."

Equal to the occasion. Lady visitor: "Is mamma at home, dear?" Little Alice: "No, ma'am; but I can show you her new dress."

"But, my dear woman," said De Broke, "be reasonable." "I won't be reasonable!" she snapped, pettishly. "Very well, then; be a woman."

A gentleman should not offer a lady money to put upon the plate in church. Let him contribute as he pleases and allow his companion to do the same.

Ted: "I suppose the best way to find out whether she loves me is to go right up and ask her." Ned: "Not at all, my boy. You had better ask one of her girl friends."

Charming widow: "And what are you doing nowadays?" He: "Oh, amusing myself; looking out for number one. And you?" "Looking out for number two."

"I am quite surprised, Mr Meeker, to account for your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law." "She? Great Cæsar! hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last 15 years?"

Of a fanciful order is a brooch comprising a polished gold miniature scythe, whereon appear accurately simulated tufts of grass that seem to have undergone the cutting process.

Queen Victoria doesn't wear a great deal of fur. She has an odd cloak, however, in which she comfortably incases herself when traveling in the cold weather. It is made entirely of ermine.

"There is nothing sentimental about Mary," said Mrs. Palmer. "Even when her lover is with her they sit far apart." "Yes," spoke up little —arry, "as long as you are in the room."

"You are Mr. Quenon, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?" "Yes, sir," replied the dejected, hollow-eyed individual; "I'm the poor man she tries her new dishes on."

She: "And do you really, truly love me, George?" He: "Of course. Why do you ask, my dear?" She: "Why, you have seemed so indifferent of late. We haven't had a quarrel for two long weeks!"

In Houlton, Me., lives a lady who never wore an article of jewelry, a piece of lace nor a collar, even in the days of courtship, which experience she has passed through more than once, having married twice.

The tastes of many incline toward a brooch conceived as a face, in dull gold, as large as a dollar. The features are comically distorted, a wide-open mouth displaying between the two lines a rare cat's-eye.

Henry: "Yes, Carrie; I love you with all my heart." Carrie: "It seems strange, Henry, that you should think so much of me." Henry: "I don't know about that. There's no accounting for tastes, you know."

Remember that when your skin has that depressed, worn-out look that comes from sitting up too late at night, nothing will invigorate it like a few drops of Jamaica rum put into the water with which you wash your face.

"So you're not offended when you are called an old maid?" "Certainly not." "Why is it that you never married?" "I've had so much to do in caring for those of my relatives who are married that I never had the time."

A majority of women seem to consider themselves sent into the world for the sole purpose of displaying dry goods; and it is only when acting the part of an animated milliner's block that they feel they are performing their appropriate mission.

We love a girl for very different qualities than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and God knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her for her understanding.

A pair of variegated gold garter buckles representing day and night are a pleasing departure from conventional designs. One shows an owl sitting on the curve of a quarter moon, while a bat is seen in the perspective. A lark flying above a field of daisies is illustrated on the other.

A neat device for the setting of tables for small parties is to have the table round, with a low basket of flowers in the centre, and decorations of smilax reaching out to the edge in each direction, like spokes of a wheel. Each guest has the space between the outer ends of the spokes.

Mrs Charity Brown, colored, has left her second husband and eloped from Atlanta, Ga., with her first husband, Lee Shepherd, from whom she had been separated 50 years. They had been slaves in Virginia, and she had been sold to a Georgia plantation. Both the sloperers are past 70.

"Well, Mary, my dear, how are you getting on with your French?" "Oh! very well, papa. We translate quite nice, sensible sentences now; such as, 'My father never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present;' or, 'It is certain that my father will give me something quite splendid this time.'"

A divorce lawyer of large experience is quoted as saying that he does not think, from his knowledge of marital troubles, that many men are intentionally cruel to or neglectful of their wives. "It comes simply from giant selfishness," he says. "Nothing can be thought of as original in selfishness; everything has been done in that line that can be done."

Masculinities.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute.

Take gifts with a sigh; most men give to be paid.

He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

If we could all use our own good advice, how happy we would be.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

When you succeed in life you will find everybody willing to help you.

Honesty is the best policy, but policy is all the honesty some people have.

A moral, sensible and well-bred man will not affront me, and no other can.

The grumbler grumbles most when he finds there is nothing to grumble about.

Speech is silvern, silence is golden, giggling is brazen, and laughter is often ironical.

President Harrison is punctual in getting to church ten minutes before the service begins.

Modesty in woman is a virtue most deserving, since we do all we can to cure her of it.

Consider, why the error of another offends thee, when thou art in no way a party to it.

A man was chided for not rising earlier. He said, "I can make up my mind to it, but I cannot make up my body."

Among the latest novelties in silver match cases is one in imitation of a chimney. The worn bricks are represented by oxidizing.

On a spring being pressed in a match box, recently imported, the side of the case opens and discloses a carpenter's shop, with figures at work.

Hans Jaeger, one of the cleverest authors of Norway, has accepted the place of a common sailor on one of the Scandinavian ships, being poor and in bad health.

Sammy: "Ma, what does it mean by a man looking in his sleeve?" Mrs. Lansforth: "Better ask your father. He has hidden many a smile under his vest."

"You wish to marry one of my daughters, eh? The youngest will get $5,000, the second $10 000, and the third $15,000." "You don't happen to have one still older?"

"Bill was very fond of his wife," said a certain man, speaking of a bereaved comrade. "I actually believe he thought as much of her as he did of his dog; it's a fine bull terrier too!"

Visitor, to host: "You seem to be a prominent personage here. Everybody turns round to look at you." Great man, proudly: "Yes. There ain't a man in this town I don't owe something to, sir."

Archduke Albert, commander in chief of the Austro-Hungarian armies, has a horror of the luxurious supper. He likes to sup in oats, on beer, black bread and butter, pickled cucumber and potato salad.

Husband, at 1 30 A. M.: "Don't say a word! I know it's awful late, but I've had a hard tug of it." Wife: "Yes, you look as if you'd had a hard tug. How many schooners did you tow in tonight?"

An acute correspondent notes the fact that a surprisingly small number of successful men are bachelors. The question is, are they unsuccessful because they are single, or single because they are unsuccessful?

"Talk about absent-mindedness," said a citizen lately, "why, when I was a boy I worked for a man who was so absent-minded that he discharged me three times in one week and paid me a week's wages each time."

Clement Garrett Morgan, of Washington, a colored man, aged 23, has been elected class day orator of the Harvard class of 1890. He was a barber in his youth, but read at night and is now one of the best scholars in the graduating class.

At a cafe a group of gentlemen were discussing politics. A young student entered and joined in the conversation, but his argument did not please the others, and one of them said to him—"Be quiet! At your age I was an ass myself!" "You are wonderfully well preserved, sir!" was the reply.

Perhaps you are looking for a land overflowing with milk and honey? If so, you should know that only one person in thirteen can drink milk in any quantity without becoming bilious, and only one in eleven can eat honey without having a touch of the colic. Just better stay right here in this land, and get a blue-handled snow-shovel ready for winter.

When he was in New York, very late one night, Wilkie Collins visited a large drinking saloon and stood for a few minutes gazing at the throng of dissolute men and women. "Fools! Idiots! Asses!" he ejaculated; and then added as he sought the outer air: "If we could but persuade the world that morality is the foundation of wealth and success, this would be a happy universe."

"I shall not marry Miss Croesus, after all," announced young Jenkins, sadly. "Her family seems to oppose the match too much." "Honor the family!" exclaimed a sympathizing friend. "Go in and win, Jenkins, just the same. What do you care for the family's opinion, so long as the girl is willing?" "That's just it," explained Jenkins, still more sadly. "Miss Croesus seems to agree with them."

A Somerville, Mass., man made a bet several weeks ago that he could "beat his way from Boston to San Francisco and return." The stake is $1500, and the man is now on his way back. He has been put off the train 180 times, which has made it lively for the referee, who, of course, travels with him. Once a charitable woman, touched by his apparent need, offered to pay his fare and he was obliged to beg her not to, narrowly escaping the loss of his wager.

Recent Book Issues.

"Notes of Lessons for Young Teachers," with models from actual examination papers by John Taylor. In this book useful advice and information and hints on matter and method are presented to the young teacher as freely and candidly as a master would teach his pupil. Boston School Supply Co., Publishers.

"My Good Friend," by Adolphe Belot; translated by Edward Wakefield. This is a bright and realistic novel of modern fashionable French life, told with Belot's usual cleverness and analytic power. The scenes are laid at Monte Carlo and in the South of France. The author vividly portrays in life-like sketches the brilliant society that annually gathers at Monaco with the sole object to enjoy life in the gayest manner possible. It is the first volume of a new series to be brought out by the Worthington Co. under the name of the "Banner Library." Price 25 cents.

"Wives of Men of Genius," translated from Daudet's charming book by Edward Wakefield, has been published by Messrs. Worthington & Co., in very handsome form. The fine photogravure illustrations by Bichler, Myrbach, and Rossi have been reproduced. The text, has been accorded a spirited and sympathetic English setting, and the volume is beautifully printed on heavy, toned paper, and its binding is exceedingly tasteful. The work is one of the most graceful and most fascinating that Daudet has written, and its studies from life are remarkable for their incisiveness and vivid realism. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

The November issue of *The Woman's World*, edited by Oscar Wilde, has for a frontispiece "Ginevra Di Benci," from the portrait by Ghirlandajo. It aids in illustrating the opening article, "Woman's Dress in Florence," by "Leander Scott." Other illustrated papers of interest are "About Wedding Guests," by Miss E. E. Dickinson; "Our Queens in the Abbey," by Misses A. C. Lamy and A. R. Brameton and "Spoons; Their History and Associations," by Miss E. Hathaway. The latest fashions in London and Paris are, as usual, ably set forth by the ladies who attend to this important feature of the magazine.

The Popular Science Monthly for November is an exceptionally interesting number. Its table of contents includes papers as follows: "The Art of Cooking," by Edward Atkinson, LL.D. (illustrated); "Old and New Methods in Zoology," by H. de L. Duthiers; "The Dawnings of Farming," by Joel Benton; "Sensitive Flames and Sound Shadows," by Prof. W. LeConte Stevens (illustrated); "Conditions Affecting the Reproductive Power in Animals," by Prof. James H. Stoller; "Israelite and Indian," by Garrick Mallery; "Is the Human Body a Storage Battery?" by Hyland C. Kirk; "Responsibility in Mental Disease," by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M. D.; "The Iroquois Indians," by Prof. W. K. Brooks, (illustrated); "Speech and Song," by Sir Morell Mackenzie. I.—Speech; "Sketch of John Le Conte," by Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens, (with portrait).—Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

INKS USED BY ANCIENT WRITERS.—According to the Roman naturalist, Pliny and other authors, the basis of the ink used by ancient writers was formed of lamp black, or the black taken from burnt ivory and soot from furnaces and baths.

Some have also supposed that the black liquor which the cuttle fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as enduring, than that which is used in modern times.

Inks of different colors were much in vogue. Red, purple, blue and gold and silver inks were the principal varieties.

The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar and carmine; the purple from the murex, one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the Emperors.

Golden ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans. During the middle or dark ages the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of the trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried.

The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business, and another connected with it and to which it owed its origin was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words in colored and gold and silver inks.

MARTIN FOTHERGILL, of Macon, Georgia, got drunk last week and tried to whip an Indian cigar sign. After the mill was ended it was found that the Indian had lost his package of cigars and three eagle feathers and that Martin had broken four finger bones. The Indian took the purse.

Getting up with the sun is a common practice where there is a teething boy baby in the family.

THE WORRY of a Constant Cough, and the Soreness of Lungs, which generally accompanies it, are both remedied by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.—What are all the beauty, and wit, and accomplishments combined, if marred by a fretful, sullen temper, or an unkind and selfish disposition? But beauty of the soul not only adorns the countenance, but, like "sunshine in a shady place," casts a ray over all things within its influence.

Wide is its domain; many are its tributaries. It includes gentleness, forbearance, kindness to one another, and that constant cheerfulness—"graceful, from very gladness; beautiful, because bright."

"Give us—oh, give us," cries Carlyle, "the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst marching to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their appointed spheres."

Pope, somewhere in his censorship on mind and morals, after an exordium on the advantages of this perpetual serenity, thus concludes:

"What, then, remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail."

'Tis rather unfair of Pope, but his diatribes are usually addressed to the gentler sex—but ours shall concern "lordly man" also; for has not he, too, need of that heart's sunshine? And as an admirable example, let us select a few words from the discourse of the good old angler, Izaak Walton, when home-returning from a fishing expedition:

"And that our present happiness may appear the greater, and we more thankful for it, I beg you to consider with me how many do at this very time lie under the torment of gout or toothache, and this we have been free from; and let me tell you that every misery I miss is a blessing. Be not unthankful, then, because such cheerfulness and thanks are a sacrifice so pleasing to Him who made the sun and us, and who still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and appetite and meat, and content, and leisure to go a fishing."

QUAINT ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The *Monthly Magazine* for 1797 contains, among other curious information as to passing events, notices of marriages and deaths in the upper circles. The marriage notices very strikingly illustrate the custom prevalent at that time of intruding upon the public matters of a purely personal and domestic character. The following are a few examples selected from many which might be quoted from this single volume:—

"At Edgbaston church, after a courtship of three weeks, Mr. J. Dykin, aged sixty-six, to Miss Pickford, of Whitnal, aged sixteen. This is the fourth wife he has led to the altar of Hymen within the last four years."

"Mr. Hunsworth, of Saydal, near Pomfret, to Miss Bell, of Carlton, near Snaith; a young lady with a fortune of $50 000.

"Stephen Cuetham, of Leeds, aged twenty-two, to Faith Stephenson, of the Old Duke public house in Great Woodhouse, aged seventy-one. This tender pullet danced a hornpipe on the evening of her wedding day."

"At Hawking, Mr. Kember, aged sixty-five, to Miss A. Marsh, aged seventeen; a young lady possessed of a considerable fortune, with a person and accomplishments highly captivating."

"At Pulminster, John Bendon, aged seventy, who has walked upon crutches for several years, and has only one eye, to Sarah Govier, aged thirty-three, who also has one eye and is dumb."

"At Morresby, Mr. Clementson, junr., almost eighteen, to Miss Waddington, of Parton, turned fifteen."

"At Newcastle-under Lyne, Mr. Haywood, aged seventy, to Mrs. Bennett, aged seventy-five. This is the fourth time that this blest couple have offered their mutual vows at the altar of Hymen."

"At Gretna Green, Lieut Stawell, of the Cuetham Division of Marines, to Miss Steel of Hilperton, an amiable and accomplished young lady. She was taken from the window of her chamber at midnight by her lover, and conveyed away in a post chaise."

We always admired a dentist for one thing at least. He isn't afraid to say a thing right to your teeth.

All those suffering from coughs or colds should take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cts.

Why pay fifty cents for a bottle of turpentine, when Salvation Oil sells for only 25 cts.

LATEST AND GRANDEST PREMIUM!

MOST COSTLY PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

THE PRESENT OWNER PAID OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE FAMOUS PAINTING ENTITLED "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

The intense interest shown by all classes in this great painting induced publishers to spend thousands of dollars to secure an accurate copy of this Wonderful Work of Art. The best artists and engravers in this country were engaged to make a faithful etched copy of this magnificent painting, and the highly artistic and very beautiful picture which they have produced is highly praised by all who see it.

We are now prepared to send, postpaid, a copy of

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EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS $2 00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," OR TO ANY ONE NOW ON OUR LIST WHO REMITS US $2 00 FOR THE EXTENSION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

By MUNKACSY.

THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Pretorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Cæsar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Caiaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Caiaphas, sitting on a bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat and resting his head against the wall is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. A knot of old men is seated in an angle of the room to the left of the banker. They are apparently arguing Christ's claim that he is the promised Messiah. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms, and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

Remember, that only $2.00 secures a copy of this Grand Picture and also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one year.

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LATEST METHOD.—A suggestion was recently made that sleep could be wooed successfully by a method of counting in this fashion:—1, 2; 1, 2 3; 1, 2, 3 4; 1 2 3, 4, 5, etc., up to 25. One who has practically tested this method relates his experience as follows:—"My plan is not to count rapidly, but to call off mentally one figure with every expiration of breath. A person in good health counts at that rate about twenty a minute. Before reaching twenty-five in this scale, he must count for about sixteen minutes, as the series mounts up to 325 counted straight ahead. But I have found one decided advantage over counting in regular order. That can be done mechanically, without any mental activity whatever.

"The other method is not burdensome to the mind, but furnishes just enough material to keep the thoughts off other subjects. I often find myself forgetting the number at which I ought to stop and return to one, whereupon I at once begin again where I left off and proceed in order. I cannot say that this scheme will produce sleep when there is no inclination or impulse in that direction; but when there is even a rudimentary impulse, I know it will encourage and increase it. I have tried it a good many times since I first heard about it, and it has only failed me twice. Often on waking I will remember that I was not able to count beyond seven or eight before losing myself in slumber. I have never yet counted up as far as twenty. I think seventeen or eighteen has been my limit. I believe that the author of this suggestion has conferred a boon on people troubled with insomnia, although it cannot work in every case."

MATTERS OF SIZE.—It is astonishing to observe how few people understand the common rules of measurement in purchasing wearing apparel. For instance, a man will buy a coat that is a "size" too small or too large. A "size" smaller or a "size" larger is what he probably needs, but he does not know what a "size" is. Well, a "size" in a coat is an inch; a "size" in underwear is two inches; a "size" in a sock is one inch; in a collar a half-inch; in a shirt a half-inch; in shoes one-sixth of an inch; pants one inch; gloves one-quarter of an inch; and in hats one-eighth of an inch. Very few purchasers ever understand the schedule named.

"John has changed so since our marriage!" she sighed. "In what way?" asked her mother. "Before marriage he didn't leave me until one a. m." "And now?" "And now he doesn't come home until one a. m."

It was the man who picked up the dollar which some one else drooped that met a loss.

Humorous.

HOW KIND FATE WAS.

How kind fate was to us that night,
When down the lane, moon-veiled in white,
We walked upon the dewy grass,
A blissful twain, with hearts so light,
I think we did not reckon, quite
How kind fate was!

An envious ray sulked in your hair
And paled the gold it could not share;
One lock, loosed from the silvery mass,
Blew half across a cheek so fair
I proved upon it, then and there,
How kind fate was!

Love duped us, sweet! Last year you wed
Another man, and I, instead
Of muttering oaths in deepest bass,
Sent silver spoons, and as I read
Your bridal cards, devoutly said:
How kind fate was!

—U. N. None

Pressing business—Ironing.

Judge Lynch is a very clever artist. He draws from life, and his style is painfully realistic.

"It is a painful sight," as the man said when his host took him out to inspect his new conservatory.

"You are a counter attraction," as the masher whispered to the pretty girl in the confectioner's shop.

A genius: "Why, I could have invented lots of machines if I had only known what they could be used for."

"You can't do anything without money, my boy." "Oh, yes, you can." "I'd like to know what?" "Get in debt!"

"Well, summer's over at last," remarked a man who came in. "Yes, I think it is; I notice you left the door open."

Woman, to tramp: "You seem to have a good appetite." Tramp: "Yes, madam, that is all I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own."

The nuisance of the hotel was in the parlor warbling. "Oh, would I were a bird." "Well, here's a beginning for you," said the landlord. And he handed him his bill.

A new variety of clam has been discovered. As it is tenderer than the old style of clam, it will not be used for chowder, but will be worked up into lead pencil erasers and rubber overshoes.

Stranger: "Haven't you anything better than 5-cent cigars?" Country storekeeper, astounded: "Hi, Jimmy, run down to the newspaper office an' tell them Mister Wanderbilt is in town."

Mother: "Did you break any of the rules to-day, Tommy?" Tommy, first day at school: "No'm: I was a good boy. Teacher broke two, though: one on little Harry Fletcher and another on me."

At a first-class restaurant. Detrow: "Can you give me oysters on the half-shell to-night?" Waiter: "Yes, sir; but you will have to wait a few minutes. All our half shells is in use at present, sir."

Lawyer: "My conscience troubled me a little last night about that fee I charged Jones yesterday." Friend (astonished): "Your conscience?" Lawyer: "Certainly. I was afraid that I had been unjust to myself."

A Western paper prints the following singular card of thanks: "Mr. and Mrs. Heays hereby wish to express their thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their house last Monday evening."

Omaha has at last arrived at the period of swallow-tail coats and decollete gowns and is as proud of it as a boy of his first pair of red-top boots. But the men have not yet discovered the proper place in a swallow-tail suit to wear their bowie-knives.

Indignant physician: "Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him." Druggist: "Vell, vhat vas der matter mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der right berscription and dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?"

"Why is summer like pride?" inquired Clara of George, as they strolled about the moonlit lawn. "I cannot answer, love. Why?" "Because it goeth before a Fall," she answered, laughingly. "We had better go in now," was all the young man said, as a deep sigh escaped between his teeth.

What she wanted. "Now, conductor," said an old lady who got on the cars at Chicago, "I place my safety in your hands." "All right, madam; I guess we can take good care of you." "And if there is an accident, and the cars are thrown down a steep embankment, you'll be sure to wake me up, won't you?"

Nervous gentleman: "Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam cars." Cabby: "Never fear, sir; I'll do MY best. And which 'orspital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"

Politeness is always in order, but just what form it shall take depends, of course, upon circumstances. Mamma, to Flossie, who had been lunching with a little friend: "I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'" Flossie: "Well, I didn't say 'No, thank you!' because, you see, I took everything."

"Have you done anything for me?" asked the condemned man, in pitiful tones, as his lawyer entered the cell. "Yes, indeed," said the legal gentleman, gleefully. "Oh, what is it?" demanded the murderer, "a pardon?" "No," "A commutation of sentence?" "No," "Then in mercy's name what?" "I have succeeded," said the lawyer, "in having the day of your execution changed from Friday to Monday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know."

THERE are as many designs in men's match boxes as in women's brooches and rings. They are made of artificial or real silver, enamelled, and the design is painted on the enamel. A card-player's match-box is decorated with three or four cards out of a pack, and the dandy's match-box is ornamented with the figure of a ballet girl or a music hall dancer. A pack of foxhounds is the favorite design of the sportsman.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.—Mr. Hyson: Mr. Cypher, you were absent without leave yesterday?

Mr. Cypher—Yes, sir. I was married very unexpectedly yesterday.

Mr. Hyson—Well, sir, you will please see that it does not occur again.

THE more any one speaks of himself, the more he likes to hear another talked of.

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $5000 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 399, PORTLAND, MAINE.

CATARRH
HAY FEVER
CATARRHAL
DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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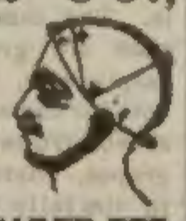
1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 8, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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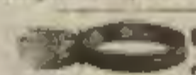

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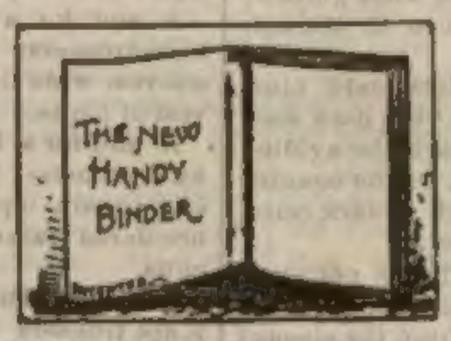

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. It also makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

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This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

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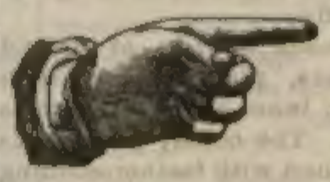

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WITHOUT STUDY!
This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A stylish street costume of surah is in two colors. Skirt in very narrow side plaitings, with flounce of darker color round the bottoms above the hem; draperies on either side of the front, plain just in front; and plaits at the sides. Bodice plain at the sides and back, and slightly in front at the waistline. Plaited vest with turned over collar also in fine plaits.

The sleeves have very large puffs at the shoulders and deep cuffs of fine tucks. The straight collar, the turned-over collar and cuffs are of the dark surah. A pointed belt of very elaborate embroidery finished the costume.

Another of plain and striped serge is very stylish. The draped front with side plait is of the striped serge; the plaited skirt, full waist and full sleeves are of the plain goods; the yoke is shirred; plain collar, plain cuffs. The fronts are finished with plain sections resembling pocket-lids; ribbon belt and bow.

Another very stylish gown is of plain and striped camel's-hair. Straight skirt of the striped material, draped double-breasted polonaise, open on one side to the waistline and finished with a large bow of silk. A border made of the stripes of the skirt material is set around the edge of the plain front. Straight, plain collar, full sleeves gathered into straight cuffs, finished with bands of the stripe.

The correct style in riding habits has not varied from that of last season, with the neat, single-breasted, close-fitting basque, and short skirt fitted with knee gores to adjust it to the figure when in the saddle.

Fine "faced" cloth, in black, dark blue, dark green, maroon, and a very dark slate color, is the regulation material for a riding dress to be worn in the city; but for country riding any light-weight cloth of dark color, or even mohair, may be used.

A little very dainty braiding is permissible on some of the finer habits, but excess of ornament only detracts from the elegant and stylish appearance of the fair rider.

The dressiest of equestrians vary the extreme simplicity of their stylish habits with dainty white pique vests, which show at the throat where the basque is turned back in tiny lapels and below the waist where it is slightly cut away.

To secure a neat appearance on horseback the skirt ought to be secured to the habit in some way, for the violent exercise sometimes disarranges the skirt at the belt so that an unsightly gap appears at the sides of the postilion, between the habit and skirt.

This can be obviated by sewing three large, strong hooks to the back of the skirt-band and at each side and holding them into eyes on the inside belt of the basque.

For park-riding the silk hat is most worn; but for morning rides or in the country a round-crowned felt derby is considered quite appropriate, while the double-visored jockey cap of silk or ponge may be worn if it is preferred or considered more becoming.

Silver-mounted riding-whips are seen in a variety of styles; the prettiest has a short handle of plaited cord looped at the end, and is set with silver.

Has anyone seen the combination of black and white patent leather in shoes? It is very pretty indeed. Some such shoes have a long black toe piece and white sides and front, while others have the tips in white and the rest black.

Worn, as they ought to be, with black stockings, they seem to consist only of a toe, and are wonderfully becoming to the foot. They are called the "Harlequin shoes."

The Romany or Gipsy shoe is made of various colored kids with black tips, for Russian leather is almost entirely superseding morocco, and is sold in tones of deep dark red, almost verging on maroon, in reddish browns, and in new tan color, which is some shades darker than what was worn last year; indeed, it is considerably darker than last year's shoes used to become after much wearing.

Patent leather shoe tips have been applied to Suede sides in light stone shades, and the patent leather tips have been so cut that quaint scrolls of the leather, like griffins' tongues, have appeared stitched on the Suede.

Alligator skin in the yellow tan is used for many smart shoes, and it is almost indestructible; it will wear out almost any amount of soles. They are light, and almost as thin as satin; there is nothing to equal them.

Some of the Russian leather shoes are trimmed in the Cromwellian style, and the pretty embroideries introduced on the fronts are unrivaled. Beads are employed, and fine facets of colored jet, the toes delicately pointed.

There is no necessity that these should be injurious to the foot, if only the shoe is chosen sufficiently long.

It would be well if fashionable women would consider with favor the lowering of the heels; a low heel is far better for the foot, and allows better play to the muscles.

As regards boots, there is a decided disposition to return to laced boots, and the straight galoah, like a man's. An excellent boot of this class has a low heel and patent-leather galoah.

A very pretty suit for a small boy is of velveteen. It has a plaited skirt, long vest with cutaway coat, finished in points around the bottom; fancy pocket-lids, plain sleeves with trimmed cuffs. The points, pocket-lids and cuffs have bands of silk braid with buttons at the ends.

A diagonal cloth suit had knee-trousers, long vest, one button cutaway coat with square lapels, narrow standing collar, very wide pocket-lids and plain sleeves.

Another suit of diagonal had knee-trousers, plain sacque, coat with plain sleeves. The trousers, coat front, sleeves and belt are finished with fancy braid; cloth cap with similar braid.

A suit of cheviot had knee-trousers, plaited blouse waist with plain belt; sleeves plain at the shoulders and slightly gathered, with plain cuffs.

A suit of diagonal had knee-trousers, with buckles at the sides; one-button cutaway coat, with pointed vest; plain sleeves and narrow collar, with square-cornered lapels and deep pocket-lids.

A suit for a small boy was of serge; knee-trousers; cutaway coat with plain sleeves; wide linen collar and silk tie; long vest of pique.

A suit for a larger boy was of diagonal; knee-trousers; jacket with square fronts and square lapels; fancy vest front of embroidered cambric; plain sleeves without cuffs.

Another suit was of fine corkscrew. Knee trousers with buttons, double-breasted coat in military style, wide belt, plain straight collar, sleeves plain at the shoulders and slightly gathered into plain cuffs. The front of the coat is finished with braid set on in fancy pattern, and brass buttons.

A suit for a youth had long trousers of narrow stripe; plain, straight cutaway coat, long square-corned overcoat with plain sleeves, narrow cuffs and narrow turned-over collar with lapels.

Another suit with long trousers had with them a dress coat with square fronts. Open vest with three buttons. The collar and lapels were slightly rounded and faced with thick silk. A band of ribbon around the arm with bow and long ends.

A pretty little blouse suit for a small boy was of plain and fancy suiting. Knee trousers of plain cloth; blouse waist with double breasted front, of striped goods; square pocket, straight sleeves and straight, round cuffs.

Another was made entirely of striped cloth, knee-trousers, plain blouse, with wide sailor collar; inner vest, full sleeves and round cuffs. The collar, pocket-lids and cuffs are finished with feather-stitching or fancy braid.

Odds and Ends.

THE MAKING OF JELLIES.

Orange Jelly.—Put one and one-half oz. of gelatine in a pint of water; rub the rind of four oranges on one-half lb. of loaf sugar and add it to the gelatine when it has quite dissolved; also the strained juice of twelve oranges. Then add the whites and shells of three eggs, whisk it well on the fire till it is just on the point of boiling, clear it, pour it into a wet mould and let it set. If the oranges are not of a very strong flavor, add the rind of one lemon and the juice of two. This jelly, if done carefully, is quite clear; but it does not taste so strongly of oranges as when the orange juice is added at the last; but then of course it is not clear, although it has a beautiful flavor.

Red Currant Jelly.—Soak two oz. of gelatine in a pint of water with the thinly peeled rind of one lemon and one-half lb. of sugar. Put two and one-half lb. of red currants in a saucepan for a minute or two, and squeeze out all the juice from them; remove the saucepan from the fire, strain the juice, and add it, with the whites and shells of three eggs, to the gelatine when it has dissolved. Whisk it well on the fire, and when it is ready pass it through the jelly bag till it is quite clear, then add half a tumbler of brandy and a little carmine if the jelly is not a sufficiently deep color. Well wet mould, fill it with the jelly, and leave it to set. A few raspberries added to the currants help to bring out the flavor of the latter. Strawberry, cherry, gooseberry, raspberry jelly are all made as above. For cherries and strawberries add a little lemon juice, and also for the other fruits, if they are very ripe.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Soak two oz. of gelatine in a pint of water with one-half lb. of best lump sugar. Well wash and slice about two and one-half lb. of rhubarb of a nice bright color; put it in a stewpan to boil with a quart of water; leave it to get thoroughly stewed, but not long enough to let the juice get thick; strain the juice, and add a pint and a half of it to the dissolved gelatine, with the whites and shells of three eggs. Whisk it all quickly on the fire, pass it through the jelly bag, and pour it into a mould and leave it to set.

Grape Jelly.—Dissolve two oz. of gelatine in a pint of water, with two and one-half lb. of loaf sugar. Put from two lb. to two and one half lb. of juicy grapes into a saucepan; bruise them with the back of a wooden spoon till the juice flows freely from them. Strain the juice, and add three-quarters of a pint of it to the gelatine, with the whites and shells of three eggs. Whisk it well on the fire, add a wineglassful of brandy and a few drops of burnt sugar. Pour the jelly into the mould, the top of which should be ornamented with a few grapes. Put it in a cool place to set.

Gold Leaf Jelly.—This is really an ordinary wine jelly, but the addition of the gold leaf gives it a very pretty effect. Dissolve the usual quantity of gelatine in a pint and a half of water, with one-half lb. of sugar and the thin rind and juice of three lemons. When it has melted, add the whites of four eggs; whisk it in the usual manner and clear it, then add half a pint of sherry and a wineglassful of brandy. Take some real gold leaf, chop it up in small pieces and mix it well with the jelly. Pour it into a mould, and leave it to set.

Riband Jelly.—Make some jelly in the above manner, omitting the gold leaf; color half of it a bright red with cochineal, leaving the rest its natural pale color. Rinse a mould in cold water, and pour into it a small quantity of the red jelly. Let this set, then pour in some of the pale, and repeat the process until the mould is full, taking care that the last layer is perfectly set before pouring in a fresh one. If desired, the jelly can be made of more than two colors. Spinach juice can be used to color some of it green, saffron to color it yellow, &c.

Fruit Jelly.—It is astonishing how effective the addition of fruit to a clear jelly is. The most suitable fruits for this purpose are grapes, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, currants, peaches, and apricots for the summer time, and mostly preserved fruits for the winter. Strawberries, grapes, cherries, or currants can be put up in the jelly as they are, but harder fruits, such as peaches, apricots, &c., should be boiled in a little syrup first, and also cut up in smaller pieces. When putting in the fruit, great taste can be displayed in contrasting the colors prettily. The jelly is prepared in the same manner as the colored jelly by first filling the bottom of the mould with the jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch, and when this is set, by arranging a layer of fruit on it, and covering it with a spoonful or two of jelly to keep the fruit in its place. This must be allowed to set before adding another layer of jelly a quarter of an inch thick, otherwise the fruit will rise up. Repeat the process, allowing each layer to set till the mould is filled within three-quarters of an inch of the top; fill it up with jelly, leave it till it is thoroughly set, and turn out carefully.

EARLY WRITING.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, oyster-shells, stones, bark, ivory, and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eight century the papyrus was superceded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1588, by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens of the present day, were used.

Confidential Correspondents.

COMMON.—The coin is probably an old penny, and, if in good condition, is worth about a cent.

L. M. W.—The term of a sentence begins to run from the day it is pronounced and not from the day the prisoner is removed to the penitentiary.

B. F. W.—There is no truth in phrenology, doubtless, but we are unable to say from experience that it possesses all the attributes that its professors claim for it.

THOMAS J.—There is no necessity for a young lady's giving a reason for declining to dance. 2. The first slaves sent to the United States were sold from a Dutch vessel, which landed twenty at Jamestown, in Virginia, in 1620.

RESTOR.—The total number of acres of land granted to railroads is 209,344,233 acres, estimated at $1,674,000 00. This territory is greater than the whole of England and France combined and more than all the Southern States.

PUBLIC.—The word communism is derived from the French Commune, a division or parish. The term communism is generally applied to a social system, in which all property is held in common, and its proceeds divided equally.

CLAFLIN.—Great Britain is one island, Ireland another. Both together form the United Kingdom. Great Britain contains two kingdoms and one principality, and, only these two kingdoms are included in the proper use of the name.

ANXIETY.—We should be very much inclined to think that you have somehow got hold of a morbid idea which has no basis except in your own imagination. You say you are exceedingly sensitive; and this really means, in some cases, a readiness to see coolness where none is intended, and also to underrate your own value in society.

SONELIM.—To remove ink stains from ivory you must bleach it white again. Wash it first in warm water, and while wet place it in full sunshine under a glass cover, repeating the process for two or three days. It may be bleached by immersion for a short time in water containing a little sulphurous acid, chloride of lime, or chlorine.

MRS G. W.—We must decline to give an opinion on this matter, as it is most probable that there is a great amount of unreasonable expectation on both sides. It is a very bad plan for young married couples to reside with their relations on either side, for a quarrel is certain to ensue in the end. Take our advice and engage lodgings elsewhere.

JOHN.—Since you are very much in love with the young lady, and she returns your affections and both of your parents approve of the match, why should you not become engaged to her? The simple fact that you have not finished your studies need not hinder your being engaged, with the understanding that you will marry as soon as you are established in your profession.

E. D.—We do not remember your asking us any questions heretofore, for if they had come to hand we should certainly have been more than pleased to answer them. Anything that we can do for our subscribers through the medium of our Correspondence column is done with the greatest pleasure. The name Eiffel is pronounced as "I-fell" the "Ei" having the sound of the personal pronoun "I." The accent is on the first syllable.

FRANCIS.—We think it not unlikely, for we have noticed many persons of different complexions whose dispositions seemed to vary, and in one or two cases have found that the characters attributed to them have turned out pretty nearly correct. At the same time a great deal depends upon the education they may have received. Wise parents will control bad tempers in children, and thus get them into the habit of controlling themselves in after life.

CASTLE.—Among the best known Americanisms, unused and scarcely understood in England, are locomotive for engine, railroad for railway, horse cars for tramway, depot for station, switch for shunt, baggage for luggage, store for shop, bureau for chest of drawers, clever for good-natured, boards for deals, calico for prints, corn for maize, dry goods for draper's articles or haberdashery, fall for autumn, dress for gown, fix for repair, guess for think, hardware for iron-mongery, hold for stop, homely for ugly, loafer for lounger, mad for angry, mail for post, pantaloons for trousers, vest for jacket, quite for very, rooster for cock, sick for ill, sleigh for sledge, stoop for porch, suspenders for braces, venison for deer meat, and woods for wood.

INQUIRER.—No. Credulity and belief are not synonymous. They may have been used so originally, but custom has now established a distinction. Credulity implies a degree of weakness and ignorance; belief does not. We believe that which we do not know, but which is sometimes more probable and more reasonable than the contrary. We are credulous when we hastily give our assent to what a careful examination by an enlightened judgment would occasion us to reject as an absurdity. Belief is a most important institution. The best and largest portion of our ideas are founded on belief. Our loves, our friendships, our hopes, and our highest religious associations, spring from belief. Knowledge is like the enduring but barren granite; belief, the rich and fruitful garden of delight; credulity, a bottomless quagmire.

COLORS.—We should say that your trouble is purely mental. You say you have no pain, you eat and sleep well, and your health generally is good. But in a public assembly you begin to fancy that people are looking at you, and then you get "as red as a beetroot." In conversation, you find a great difficulty in looking people straight in the face. As soon as their eyes are turned upon you, yours are obliged to drop, and your voice trembles. You try to appear composed, and often make a good fight for it, but in the end you are always vanquished. From the tonics that, under medical advice, you have taken you have derived no benefit. The name of your malady is self-consciousness; the remedy for it is self-unconsciousness. The fact is that in endeavoring to save yourself from embarrassment by force of will you are on the wrong track. The true antidote is to be found in self-forgetfulness. When the attack comes, you must elude it by concentrating all your attention on the conversation in which you are engaging, or the proceedings you are witnessing. We may add for your encouragement that very many people on the sunny side of five-and-twenty are troubled in the same way, and either outgrow the experience or overcome it in the way indicated.